



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 37 – Number 12

April 2020

A Few of the Stories in This Issue

The First Rowing Workshop – The Dire Strait
Another Schooner Story – Sail or De-rig
Waterfront of Eastern Maine – Inner City “Martha Jane”
Of *Lucy Foster* and Model Submarines
Percy Blandford’s PBK 56 Kayak

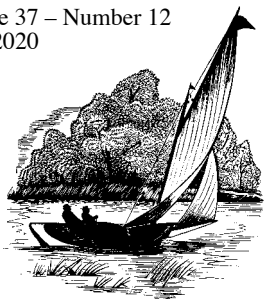
“Anyone wanna go for a row?”



messing about in **BOATS**

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Last month in my discussion of this June's upcoming 50th Anniversary of John Gardner's "First Rowing Workshop" at Mystic Seaport Museum, I included a short excerpt from Steve Jones' book *Backwaters*, in which he described attending that event in 1970, appropriately rowing to it from nearby Noank. This month we bring you John Gardner's very own report on that "First Rowing Workshop" as published a half century ago in "The Log of Mystic Seaport," courtesy of the Seaport. This is all part of my supporting the efforts of the John Gardner Chapter of the TSCA in making this anniversary gathering a truly memorable one.

Back in our October issue I discussed how I almost took on editing *The Ash Breeze* in 1983 and, having decided to not undertake that volunteer task, chose instead to launch my own small craft publication which you are now reading 37 years later. This decision allowed me to publish news of all sorts of other interesting small craft not of traditional types. I did continue to support the TSCA in all the intervening years as I was rooted in traditional small craft despite my covering a broader field of boating on our pages.

And so here I am still doing so because I believe this is a great opportunity to revive for one fleeting year that spirit that got this all going 50 years ago. The local John Gardner Chapter of the TSCA based in nearby Groton, Connecticut, is doing all the work. I'm undertaking to bring you monthly updates in what you can expect to enjoy when you attend the end of June, along with background on how it came to be.

Long time reader John Wheble of Kingston, Massachusetts, responded to all this by sending me pages from the January 1978 issue of *National Fisherman* on which John Gardner's "Comments Here and There" appeared. Lo and behold, among the selected short reports on doings among his small craft readers was my report on a local small craft gathering I had attended, accompanied by a follow-up request that he might mention my plans to organize a local small craft group here on the Massachusetts North Shore (enlightened self interest as I very much wished to meet others sharing my newfound enthusiasm). His including this led to such a group which eventually became a TSCA Chapter (and still is 42 years later).

In the 42 years since then we attended a number of annual Small Craft Workshops until they ceased to take place for several years when the Seaport was unable to afford to underwrite them. They were great times of good fellowship amidst an always fascinating fleet of traditional boats and were sorely missed. Long ten hour drives to St Michaels, Maryland, for the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's Annual Small Craft Festival were substituted, also great events indeed (still are), but oh so far away as long days on the road became more burdensome as my years added up.

The Small Craft Workshop reappeared at Mystic Seaport on a more modest scale run by the John Gardner Chapter, and now it has arrived at a point where all of us who still find traditional small craft a fascinating and worthwhile interest have an opportunity to demonstrate what they mean to us by turning up this year to celebrate their survival at the scene where it all began.

Next month we should have more details on what to expect, program of activities, workshops and, most of all, what sort of boats will be there that we can indulge in trying out. In addition to the boats that participants willing to share with us bring, the Seaport's fleet of rental small craft is available for tryouts free of charge to Workshop participants.



This photo appeared in John Gardner's January 1978 "Comments Here and There" captioned in part, "A new avocation for Bob Hicks has come with the restoration of this 23' Winslow cutter...he has built a shop at his home in order to complete work on her this winter." Ah, now a long ago dream.

On the Cover...

The boats have arrived, where are the boys to row them? Friend Harvey sent on this drone shot from his Florida holidays, which we thought nicely complemented our feature story on "The First Rowing Workshop" that starts on page 7.

A Look Around at *MAIB*

We recently had another request (we get them from time to time) for a look at the main office from which *MAIB* issues forth monthly and has since May 1983, now nearly 37 years. These are low budget digs in which Jane and I also happen to live and have done so since 1956 (and even earlier for myself growing up here since 1937). So here goes with a photo tour of the premises:

Top left: The Editorial Department, 2008 iMac computer, 2014 HP Envy 5540 printer (second one), 2008 Canon Lide 70 scanner, file cabinet, etc.

Middle left: The Layout/Production Department, bench space for cut and paste layout (yep, still after 37 years).

Top right: The Circulation Department, 2012 Mac IXCC laptop computer, Acer big (sorta) screen monitor (Jane's hangout).

Middle right: The Archives, 37 (and counting) binders of back issues, lotsa drawers and cubbyholes of reference stuff, bookcase of reference books, wall map unrelated to boats, long abandoned "hard of hearing" phone on wall.

Bottom right: The Boatshop where I go to get away from thousands of words and computer/scanner/printer.

Across the bottom: The spacious *MAIB* Campus, from left the house/office, carriage shed connecting to barn/boatshop (formerly greenhouse). Foreground pottery shed from greenhouse era, far right messing shed for large items too big to get into barn or carriage shed.





*1812 Replica Privateer Fame Heading Out
Harkening Back With Harvey
"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."
Images by Harvey Petersiel
The Real Thing*



While browsing through the shelves of my local used bookstore, I came across a little 4"x6" book of poems published privately in 1931 by the family of its just-deceased author, a Samuel W. Kelley, MD. The book is printed on good, if stiff, Strathmore paper and tightly bound in green cloth boards, the cover is gold-stamped with the title *The Cicada* after one of the poems in it (full title, *The Cicada and Other Poems*). All the edges are gilt.

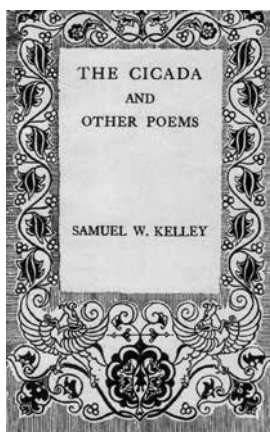
In size a modest production, and no doubt limited as to edition, it nevertheless would have required no small means to produce at a time when discretionary funds were rapidly dwindling under the economic drag of the Great Depression. On glancing through the book I was pleasantly surprised to find several poems of nautical interest.

So who was this medical man who also wrote nautical poems? In a history written of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, we learn that Samuel Kelley was born in Adamsville, Ohio, in the year 1855. As a young man he had experienced farming, was a sailor before the mast and as a cowboy had driven stock over the Southwest's broad expanse of trails from Texas to Kansas and beyond when one could authentically still do that. He served as a surgeon in the Spanish American War and World War I.

In private practice Dr Kelley specialized in pediatrics. He was the first American surgeon to write a treatise on the surgical diseases of children which helps explain why a few of the poems in *The Cicada* were written especially for children, including one addressed to his granddaughter. The list of his medical positions, articles and professional accomplishments are too numerous to mention here.

The Maritime Poems of Dr Samuel W. Kelley

By Timothy Holter



Given the posthumous nature of the book, the Introduction (entitled "The Appreciation of Poetry") was probably composed for some other occasion. Of the book's 89 pages a full third of them attest to this man's abiding interest in the sea, the boats and the men who toil in them.

One can picture Dr Kelley sitting at his desk after office hours, fountain pen poised over paper, wistfully recollecting the young sailor still inside of him. Instead of a standard review I will let one poem speak for the collection.

Sea-going

I never look on masts and spars
A-tangle at a key,
But I think of how they tossed and strained
When out upon the sea.
No wonder they're so neighborly,
There nodding side by side;
They'll soon go far and wide away,
With the turning of the tide.
They'll soon be very far apart
On that lonesome, pathless main,
Whence nothing but the sailor's art
Can bring them home again.

I never see a rakish rig
A-standing down a bay,
But I long to join that vessel's crew,
And with her sail away;
To sense the beauty of the sight,
The tang of the salty breeze,
The joy of a fight with a thing of might,
As we ride the charging seas.
Oh, were my forbears sailor-folk?
And was it bred in me?
Or what gives the haul, like a tackle and fall,
That draws me to the sea?

August, 1924

The short preface to *The Cicada* written by his widow in 1931 references the earlier *Witchery O' the Moon and Other Poems* of 1919 (same green and gold format) which we might surmise to also contain seafaring poems. Ordinarily, when a book is "privately" published its author intends to gift copies to friends, relatives and acquaintances, but not sell them. Such appears to be the case with *The Cicada*. An original copy of *The Cicada* may take a little persistence to find. However, both books are available online via "Print on Demand."

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Racing Vessel *Maiden* Sets Sail for Kingston, New York

The Hudson River Maritime Museum is proud to announce *Maiden*, the 58' racing sailboat made famous by the 2019 documentary *Maiden*, will be visiting Kingston on April 20 and 21, 2020. Against serious odds, Tracy Edwards put together this all women crew and skippered it in the 1989-1990 Whitbread Round the World Race. *Maiden* will be at the Hudson River Maritime Museum dock for two days. On Monday and Tuesday, April 20 and 21, the crew will give boat tours and educational programs providing opportunities for school groups and the public to meet the crew, be inspired by her story and learn about *Maiden's* current mission. Our amazing local vessels *Clearwater* and *Apollonia* will join on the same dates to collaborate with educational programs and provide deck tours.

The story of *Maiden*, its captain Tracy Edwards and her crew's perilous nine month journey at sea is detailed in the documentary *Maiden* by British filmmaker Alex Holmes. You can learn more about *Maiden* and watch the documentary trailer at www.themaidentrailer.org.

Located along the historic Rondout Creek in downtown Kingston, New York, the Hudson River Maritime Museum is a 501(c)(3) not for profit organization dedicated to the preservation and interpretation of the maritime history of the Hudson River, its tributaries and related industries. HRMM opened its Wooden Boat School in 2016 and Sailing School in 2017.



CBMM Crosses the Atlantic To Preserve Shipbuilding Techniques

Shipwrights from the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum have gone international in their efforts to ensure the construction of a historically accurate and truly authentic new *Maryland Dove*. In October 2019, CBMM's Lead Shipwright Joe Connor and Rigger Sam Hilgartner traveled overseas to learn from professional boat builders at the Viking Ship Museum in Roskilde, Denmark, and from Director of Research Fred Hocker at the Vasa Museum in Stockholm, Sweden.

On the trip the pair was able to pick up traditional boat building skills used 1,000 years ago and confirm they were historically accurate in their construction of the newest representation of the vessel that accompanied the first European settlers to Maryland in 1634. The trip was jointly funded by CBMM and the Vasa Museum, a partner in the build, whose research on 17th century ships is helping to inform the design of the new *Maryland Dove*.

"We think about transferring skills and lessons from boats that were built in the 18th and 19th centuries, but here we've been able to learn about shipbuilding dating back to 800-900AD and inspect a ship built in the 1600s," Connor said. "It's been incredible to be able to learn from these institutions and bring those lessons back to share with our

shipwrights, apprentices and guests and to apply them in real time as we continue working on the new *Maryland Dove*."

Post trip, CBMM created and released a YouTube series of eight episodes documenting "Sam and Joe's Excellent Adventure." Through photos, footage of experiences like sailing a replica Viking ship and unscripted recaps of their day, the pair brings viewers of all ages along on a lighthearted overseas journey that combines fun and education on boat building and historic ship design.

These episodes are an opportunity for CBMM shipwrights to show the world how the importance of passing down Old World skills and knowledge in boat building is just as important as the build itself. The full series, which has reached more than 50,000 viewers on social media, can be found on CBMM's YouTube page at youtube.com/CBMMorg1965.

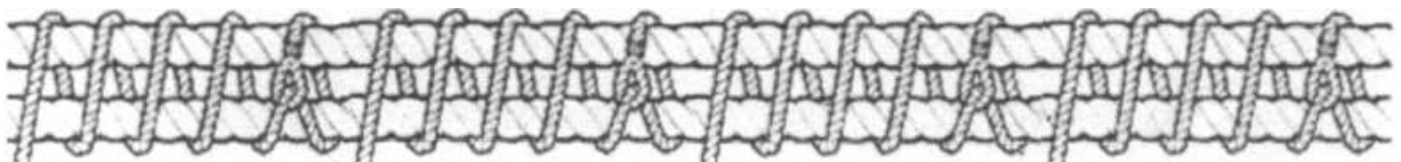
Maryland Dove is owned by the State of Maryland and operated and maintained by the Historic St Mary's City Commission. Its successor is under construction at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum from now through late 2021, with all work done in full public view. To follow along with the project online, visit marylanddove.org.



Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum Lead Shipwright Joe Connor, right, talks with Birger Andersen, lead boat builder at the Viking Ship Museum in Roskilde, Denmark, about Viking shipbuilding techniques.



Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum Lead Rigger Sam Hilgartner, center, examines the rigging of *Vasa*, a preserved Swedish war ship from 1628. In striving for historical accuracy in its construction of a new *Maryland Dove* for Historic St Mary's City, CBMM has worked extensively with Fred Hocker, Director of Research at the Vasa Museum in Stockholm, Sweden, right.



From Out of the Past...

John Gardner's Report on the 1st Small Craft Workshop

June 1970...50 Years Ago

Reprinted with permission from *The Log of Mystic Seaport, Fall 1970*

Not so long ago an elder craftsman, one of that vanishing breed of "old fashioned mechanics," in discussing the younger generation was heard to observe, "If they can't do it with gasoline, they don't do it." This is a shrewd comment. It comes close to being true for large numbers of people. While the economic benefits of modern mechanization are vast and undeniable, machines do control, order and limit our lives to an extent not generally realized.

It is still possible to get away from it all, for limited periods at least, in a rowboat. But rowing, like walking, is an ancient practice which has lately come under eclipse. Along this coast at one time rowing was nearly as common and as universal as walking. People took rowing and rowboats for granted and nearly everyone rowed.

The decline of rowing can by no means be blamed solely on the gasoline engine. Other factors have contributed and, indeed, the reasons are quite complex. Of course, rowing is no longer economically competitive in industry and transportation. Yet it had seemed that recreational rowing might also be finished as well.

When the Marine Historical Association sent out invitations this past spring for the Rowing Workshop to be held on the weekend of June 6 and 7, we had no means of knowing what the response would be. We could not be sure there would be any response and some doubted that there would be. We hoped enough would come for a respectable discussion, and as for boats, we considered using Seaport boats, if necessary, to set up a rowing demonstration.

What happened was entirely unforeseen. When the first 100 registrations were returned we were elated. This was more than we had at first counted on and it seemed certain that the meeting was going to be a success. But by the time the second 100 arrived we began to wonder how we could ever handle all these people. And when the number had crept up nearly to the 300 mark, with

The First Rowing Workshop

By John Gardner, Research Associate

some 50 boats promised as well, the curatorial staff went into emergency session. The weekend arrived rainy and cold. For this and other reasons only about 200 showed, bringing some 40 boats. Perhaps it was just as well. With a larger crowd things might not have gone as smoothly as they did. This was our first attempt, it was all new and we had about as much as we could handle. Next time it will be different. With this experience under our belts we shall better know what to do.

One conclusion above all stands out, interest in rowing, in amateur construction of small craft and in their recreational use is indeed far from dead or dying. On the contrary, it is obvious that a healthy positive trend is working here. The pendulum seems to have started to swing the other way with a possible return to a more wholesome style of living. Worth consideration, if only briefly, is why a museum devoted to the preservation and exhibition of large historic vessels should concern itself with mere rowboats?

The Association's historical focus centers upon maritime New England as it was during the 19th century. It hardly needs saying that our primary exhibits are the *Charles W. Morgan*, last of the wooden whaling ships, and the *L.A. Dunton*, one of the few remaining Gloucester fishing schooners. Both in their working careers depended on rowboats, the one on whaleboats, the other on Banks dories. The shore fisheries of New England during the 19th century were carried on to a large extent in rowboats, or boats which were rowed as well as sailed, wherries, peapods, Swampscott and Cape Cod dories, Rhode Island hoop boats, Connecticut sharpies and many others. Of the more than 120 smaller craft at Mystic Seaport, half at least are for oars or oars and sail.

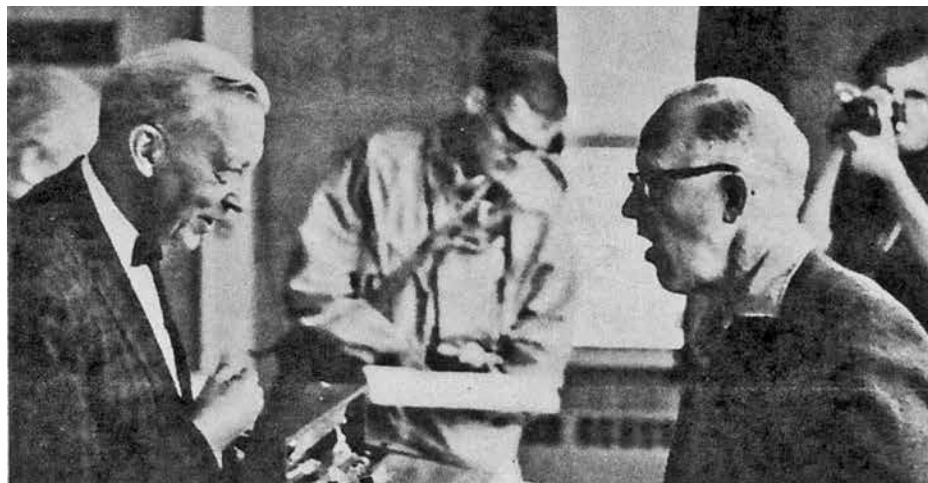
But more than this, during the first three-quarters of the 19th century, rowing was the principal American sport, before baseball, football, golf or yachting even. The *Annual Illustrated Catalogue and Oarsman's Manual* for 1871 lists 226 organized boating clubs in the United States with the greater number located in the Northeast. These were primarily rowing clubs. Seventeen clubs were located in what is now greater Boston, 15 in metropolitan New York.

To ignore rowing in any consideration of 19th century maritime New England is to leave out one of its major aspects. Moreover, while large vessels make inspiring and informative exhibits, they cannot be reproduced for widespread recreational use and enjoyment as can the best of traditional small craft. The museum's small craft collection constitutes a cultural resource which it is obligated to make available for public use. Merely to preserve and exhibit our traditional small craft is not enough. That museums have a positive and active social function in meeting present day cultural needs which extend beyond the mere custodianship of historic artifacts is now all but universally accepted by museum professionals.

But this is nothing new at Mystic Seaport. More than 40 years ago (1930-ED) in a "Statement of Plan and Purposes" the founders of The Marine Historical Association asserted that its collection should be made "the nucleus of a vital growing force... capable of playing a worthy part in a living America with a future to face." To bring our small craft resources to public attention and to make them available for widest public use now is certainly in line with what has been a guiding principle here from the beginning.

Although logically and directly an outgrowth of the museum's undertaking to develop a Small Craft Laboratory, the June Rowing Workshop got its detonating spark from Bulkeley Smith, a long time rowing enthusiast who, for years, has been carrying

Rowing enthusiasts Bulkeley Smith and John Gardner, left, argue a point. Atwood Manley, right, author of *Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing*, speaking to an appreciative audience. — Photographs by Les Olin



the torch for a better rowboat than those currently available for youngsters to learn in. Thousands of young people each summer in camps and various youth training programs continue to receive rowing instruction in clumsy, ill shaped craft designed for outboard motors and quite unsuited for rowing. Their resulting frustration conditions many of these beginners against rowing for the rest of their lives.

A discussion of this problem at the opening session of the workshop produced the consensus that an optimum boat for elementary rowing instruction for youngsters had probably not yet been designed, that experimental craft for this purpose would need to be built and tested and that, while suitable lines might best be adapted from traditional models, the construction would probably need to be of molded plastic or other modern material in order to be competitive with the low cost, easily maintained, mass produced outboard boats now on the market.

Considerable attention was paid to the 14' rowing skiff exhibited in process of construction in the Small Craft Laboratory. The lines of this experimental boat adapted from several classic models produced a shape easy to duplicate in molded plastic for mass production purposes. However, the construction of this prototype, copper fastened clinker cedar planking on laminated oak frames, is too costly of time and materials for commercial production and in this day is recommended only for skilled amateur craftsmen.

Attendance at the Rowing Workshop comprised a considerable proportion of amateur builders as well as rowing buffs and, in fact, these two interests are frequently found in the same individual. Perhaps the most lively, and certainly the most lengthy, session was the two hour plus discussion on the afternoon of the last day in which the whole gamut of problems confronting amateur builders came up for consideration.

Amateur builders are motivated in various ways. Building at home in leisure time is both recreation and a creative experience. Many derive as much excitement and satisfaction from building a boat as they do from using it afterwards. Authentic lines and reliable building details are often hard to come by. Quality materials for traditional types are scarce and not easily located. Several participating in the discussion suggested that the formation of a cooperative association of amateur builders for mutual assistance would be desirable and might be the next step. Here the Small Craft Laboratory is in a position to perform a needed service

by supplying lines and construction details from the museum's small craft collection and by acting as a center and clearinghouse for building and design information.

As a start in this direction a "Preliminary Bibliography of Rowing and Small Craft Building" of 15 mimeographed pages compiled by the museum library and Curatorial Department was distributed. On display in addition was an exhibit of books and boating literature arranged on tables in the rear of the Youth Training Building by Roger C. Taylor, president of the International Marine Publishing Company of Camden, Maine.

Taylor addressed the Sunday morning session, as did Harold E. Herrick, Jr, acting curator of the Thousand Islands Museum at Clayton, New York. Herrick, who had brought with him a 90-year-old, 22' St Lawrence River skiff, told about the Antique Boat Show held by the town of Clayton for the past five summers, which this year, due to a revival of interest in small craft, will include an extra day devoted to St Lawrence River skiffs, Adirondack guideboats and canoes.

Eugene L. Swan, Jr, director of Pine Island Camps, Belgrade Lakes, Maine, described the pioneer rowing program developed by this camp using a fleet of Bolger designed and Payson built "Gloucester Gull" dories. Jim Chapman, the counselor directly in charge of this rowing program who had driven the camp truck to Maine and back to bring one of the dories to the Workshop, announced that they had set up headquarters for an organization called O.A.R. (Organization for the Advancement of Rowing) and that those interested should contact him at Pine Island Camp.

Because of rain, the parade of boats set for Saturday afternoon was put over to Sunday morning and the session scheduled for Saturday evening was moved up to the afternoon. Atwood Manley of Canton, New York, author of the recent book, *Rush-ton and His Times in American Canoeing*, recounted episodes from the career of this leading 19th century builder of American small craft, and Curator Edmund Lynch outlined the need for an apprentice program to perpetuate shipbuilding skills as a vital part of the maritime heritage and essential to the continued preservation of museum ships. In addition, the program included two movies, one a Norwegian documentary of the construction of the 19', four oared, open fishing boat little changed since the days of the Vikings, the other a visual record of pirogue construction.

In spite of frequent downpours on Saturday and continued cold on Sunday, activity on

the waterfront never let up. Oilskins and rubber boots were much in evidence. Forty-five boats all told were launched. Not often have so many diverse types been brought together at the same float and everyone, seemingly, was trying everyone else's boat, especially such types as they had never before had an opportunity to row. It was an agreeable, definitely friendly crowd, nor did the rain seem to dampen its enthusiasm in the slightest.

The two oldest boats, and among the handsomest, were the *Donaghue* and the *Willow*, the former an 18' fancy Whitehall built in Clinton, Connecticut, about 1870 and beautifully restored by the present owner, Robert H. Baker of Warren, Rhode Island, the latter, a 16' Adirondack guide boat, Saranac type, also built about 1870 and owned by C. Arthur Smith, Huntington, Long Island. Nearly as old was the 22' BainColon St Lawrence River skiff, loaned by the Thousand Islands Park Commission.

The boat coming the greatest distance was the 16' varnished, clinker built, modified Whitehall built at White Bear Lake, Minnesota, and picked up and brought along on top of his Porsche by J.R. Benford, N.A., who drove all the way from Seattle.

Another distance record was set by Richard Shew, boat builder from South Bristol, Maine, who drove approximately 2,000 miles up and down the coast picking up and returning boats for the Workshop. One of these was the *Seal*, a distinctively handsome 16' Whitehall built several years ago by Shew for David Montgomery of Huntington, Long Island, after the lines and details of the Boston Ship Chandlers Whitehall, circa 1876, as shown by H.I. Chapelle in his *American Small Sailing Craft*.

A varied selection of dories included the *Independent*, an 18' double ended gunning dory from Marblehead, built on lines redrawn from Chamberlain molds by owner and builder Walter M. Wales, N.A., and *Dancing Feather*, Capt R.D. Culler's lovely 17', late 19th century, spritsail rigged Swampscott dory. Also of Culler's design was the unique and colorful *Java*, a sturdy 15'9" rowing and sailing double ender with cross planked V'd bottom, staved Chesapeake fashion and built for the Howland family.

Smaller boats included a nice 10' varnished clinker pram, first boat by William Southworth of Egypt, Massachusetts, and built on Herreshoff lines. Also *Sweet Pea*, a dainty 12' double ender of molded fiberglass partaking both of peapod and Swampscott dory characteristics, and designed by the owner, Peter D. van Dine of Annapolis, Maryland.

Unquestionably the fastest boat had to be the pulling boat designed and built by Don Rosencrantz of Essex, Connecticut. Equipped for two to row with sliding seats, outrigger oarlocks and spoon oars, this sleek, lean, varnished 16-footer cut through the water like a knife.

Five peapods included two by Jim Steele, the Brooklin, Maine, builder, a 45-year-old lobsterman's working pod from Rockport, Maine, and one of the 16' fiberglass Sailoar pods designed and marketed by John Lindsay of Manchester, Massachusetts.

Other boats might be mentioned, but these are sufficient to indicate the diversity and quality of those assembled, as well as the spread from whence they came. After all, it was the presence of these boats, more than anything else, which made Mystic Seaport's first Rowing Workshop a success.

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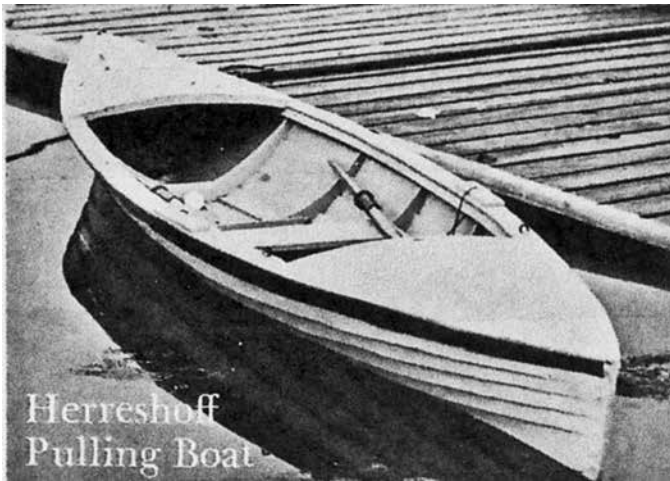


Vital Statistics

(All workshop photographs by Les Olitn)

Herreshoff Pulling Boat

17', owned and built by Alan Vaites, Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, designed by L. Francis Herreshoff and shown in his *Common Sense of Yacht Design*.



Java

Designed and built in 1958 by R.D. Culler for Waldo Howland, shown here with his family, this 15'9" double ended lapstrake beach boat has a centerboard sailing rig used for rowing, sailing and as yawl boat for Mr. Howland's packet boat *Integrity* (see June 1969 *Log*).



Seal

Built about 1967 by Shew & Burnham, South Bristol, Maine, to plans of Boston Ship Chandler's Whitehall in Chappelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*. Owner, David Montgomery. Traditional in all respects with gratings, rudder and yoke, outrigger oarlocks. Cecil Burnham rowing.



St Lawrence Skiff

22' LOA, beam 42". Built by Bain & Colon, Clayton, New York, about 1890. Owned by Thousand Islands Museum, Clayton. Captain "Biff" Bowker and mate Richard DeWick at oars.



Donaghue

Round bottom fancy Whitehall, cedar on bent oak frames with oak sheer plants. LOA 18', beam 3'9", depth amidships 1'4³/₄". Built about 1870 in Clinton, Connecticut, as gentleman's pulling boat. Recently restored by owner Robert H. Baker, Warren, Rhode Island, shown here with young crew.



Dancing Feather

17'4" round sided Swampscott dory built about 1960 in Friendship, Maine, owned by Captain H.D. Culler, who added sailing rig. Fully equipped to the early 1900 period including tanned sails, a tall-horn. Captain Culler in stern, Hudson H. Baxter manning oars.



Rosencrantz Pulling Boat

16' LOA, beam 37", designed and built by Don Rosencrantz in 1952 for use on Connecticut River. White oak and cherry frame, planking, sheer moldings, etc., of Honduras mahogany.



The future, these days, is galloping toward us at an alarming rate. Some of the things which could be in store for humans are less than attractive. One fanciful writer has described a time in the future when every material need is anticipated and taken care of by benign and super efficient robots. There is nothing at all left for humans to do but to relax and be waited on and they are bored to desperation and revolt.

Such a time and condition may not be as remote as one might suppose. Already the mass of the population has ceased to produce anything tangible, having become mere consumers of products, often inferior, which they had no part in making. Children growing up today in suburbia, as well as in the ghetto, are being robbed of their heritage of manual skills. Many never experience the satisfactions of purposeful work and creative achievement, nor can they begin to imagine what life was like for past generations who actually, and proudly, did things and made things for their own use with their own hands.

Yet a counter current is stirring. It is particularly discernible where boats are concerned. A sizable number of enthusiasts are now building their own boats, although not a few have the means to purchase them ready made if they wished. But they choose to do the work themselves, in good part for the age old satisfactions inherent in craftsmanship, for if mankind is not biologically endowed with an instinct for workmanship, a feeling for workmanship is deeply ingrained in the social inheritance.

Boat building is a folk experience with its roots deep in man's remote past. Even as recently as the middle of the last century, the building of native small craft along our Eastern seaboard was still largely unspecialized with fishermen and others building boats as they needed them from local materials according to methods passed down from generation to generation. They built for util-

From Out of the Past Small Craft Laboratory

By John Gardner, Research Associate
Reprinted with permission from
The Log of Mystic Seaport, Summer 1970



Working on a half model in the Small Craft Laboratory. —Photograph by Louis S. Martel

ity, but for beauty also, with building a distinct source of esthetic fulfillment. Building a boat in those days was also a social happening with neighbors lending assistance and stopping by now and again for a gam, to see how the job was going, to offer comment and advice or just to share silently in the appreciation of sweet lines and work well done. The professional builder of small boats as a specialized tradesman and wage earner was a late arrival on the New England scene.

It would be a rare feat, indeed, for one to build with his own hands, and largely unassisted, an automobile in which he would dare venture forth on modern freeways, much more, an airplane that would safely fly. Yet it is not at all unusual with some simple hand tools and ordinary materials for an amateur of no exceptional aptitude or skill to build for himself in cellar, garage or barn a staunch little vessel of classic design, capable of taking him safely, if need be, over many miles of stormy ocean. Building a traditional boat

by oneself is an adventure in self reliance. It leads back to a past less complicated than the present and, in some respects, more humanly wholesome. To return thus to the past is not to regress, but rather to revive and to restore values lost or presently in danger.

It hardly needs saying that one of the classic functions of the historical museum is to preserve and exhibit artifacts representative of peak past achievements of human culture. And it is now coming to be recognized that the museum has the additional and more difficult function of preserving and transmitting the skills which produced such artifacts, when this is possible and when these can be adapted to present and future use. Our heritage of boat building skills is a particular case in point. But such skills are vital processes which live on only as they are practiced and, like all living things, must continue to grow and to adjust to the changing world. To preserve the best of the past is not enough, it is also necessary to assimilate the best of the new.

To the service of these ends, Mystic Seaport has undertaken a Small Craft Laboratory. Already an interim boatshop has been set up in the Carriage Barn which, besides affording ample building and bench space and a good wooden floor to work on, provides an appropriate setting as well for much of traditional New England boat building was carried on in similar buildings, as is still the case along the coast of Maine. A solid planking bench has been erected, circular and band saws installed and early in April molds will be up for the first boat, a 14' round bottom lapstrake, copper fastened pulling boat to be ready for the Rowing Workshop scheduled for June 6 and 7 at the Seaport.

Later this spring an apprentice program will get underway, with the construction of a 16' Maine peapod now in the process of design, which includes working up a set of lines and testing them by building a scale half model. It is a truism that the only way to become a boat builder is by building boats.

Like other public institutions, museums are feeling the effects of the population bulge. How to meet the needs of seriously interested individuals without shutting out the more casual crowd, and yet not to be overwhelmed by it, is one of the first big problems which the Small Craft Laboratory must meet and solve. Already inquiries about classes and courses of instruction are being received, although no formal announcements of such have yet been made. Such early interest is auspicious and exciting but we are entering upon uncharted seas. The old cut and tried methods of instruction simply won't do. Our approach must be fluid and experimental. Yet one cardinal principle is plain, no amount of talking and writing about building can take the place of building itself.



John Gardner sawing a thwart knee of hackmatack for a boat in the Small Craft Laboratory. — Photograph by Louis S. Martel



Save the Date
June 26th to June 29th, 2020
50th Anniversary of John Gardner's
First Small Craft Workshop
At Mystic Seaport Museum

MysticSeaport.org
Small Craft Workshop

The Dire Strait

Three rather slow-thinking old men in a boat face mortal danger during a black night off Abermenai Point



by David Morton

THE THREE OF US, captain Stuart Calcutt, mate Phil Davies and junior cabin boy Dave Morton (me), probably have a century of sailing experience under our belts in total, but that recently proved insufficient, when the anchor dragged at 1.30am on a dark night, in a brisk southwesterly.

We'd launched at Dinas Boatyard, Port Dinorwic after HW Saturday 20th July lunchtime, with an outboard lent by Paul, the owner of the boatyard. It was fixed to the starboard quarter of the boat, which required unfamiliar use of my left hand on the throttle. I struggled to remember which direction to turn the twist-grip and it had a tendency to stall rather than tick over when closed. Nonetheless it saved our bacon a few hours later in the hands of Stuart and Phil.

We motored out into the tidal stream and then tried to ship the rudder. If only we'd done it sooner! Even when we belatedly picked up a vacant mooring and tried again, it still took ages to find the pintles. I think both Stuart and

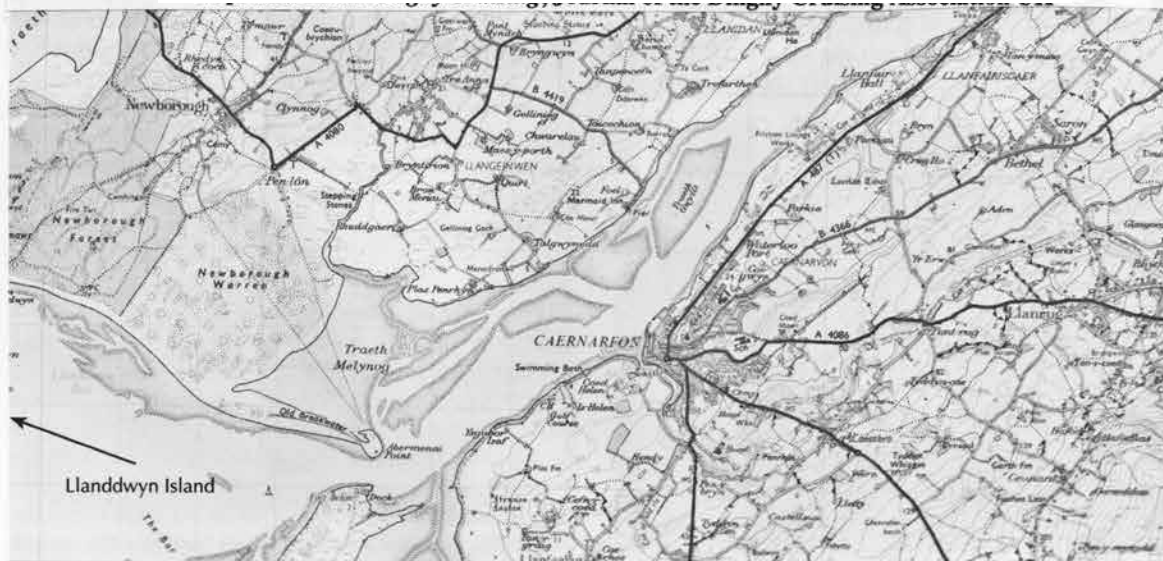
Above: Looking across the Menai Strait from Abermenai to Snowdonia. Caernarfon Bar is off to the right, through the southwesterly mouth of the Strait. *Karma II* lies at anchor. Below: Caernarfon, Abermenai and the Bar. (© Ordnance Survey) Port Dinorwic, really Y Felinheli, lies 7 k / 4.35 miles NW of Caernarfon on the same side of the Strait

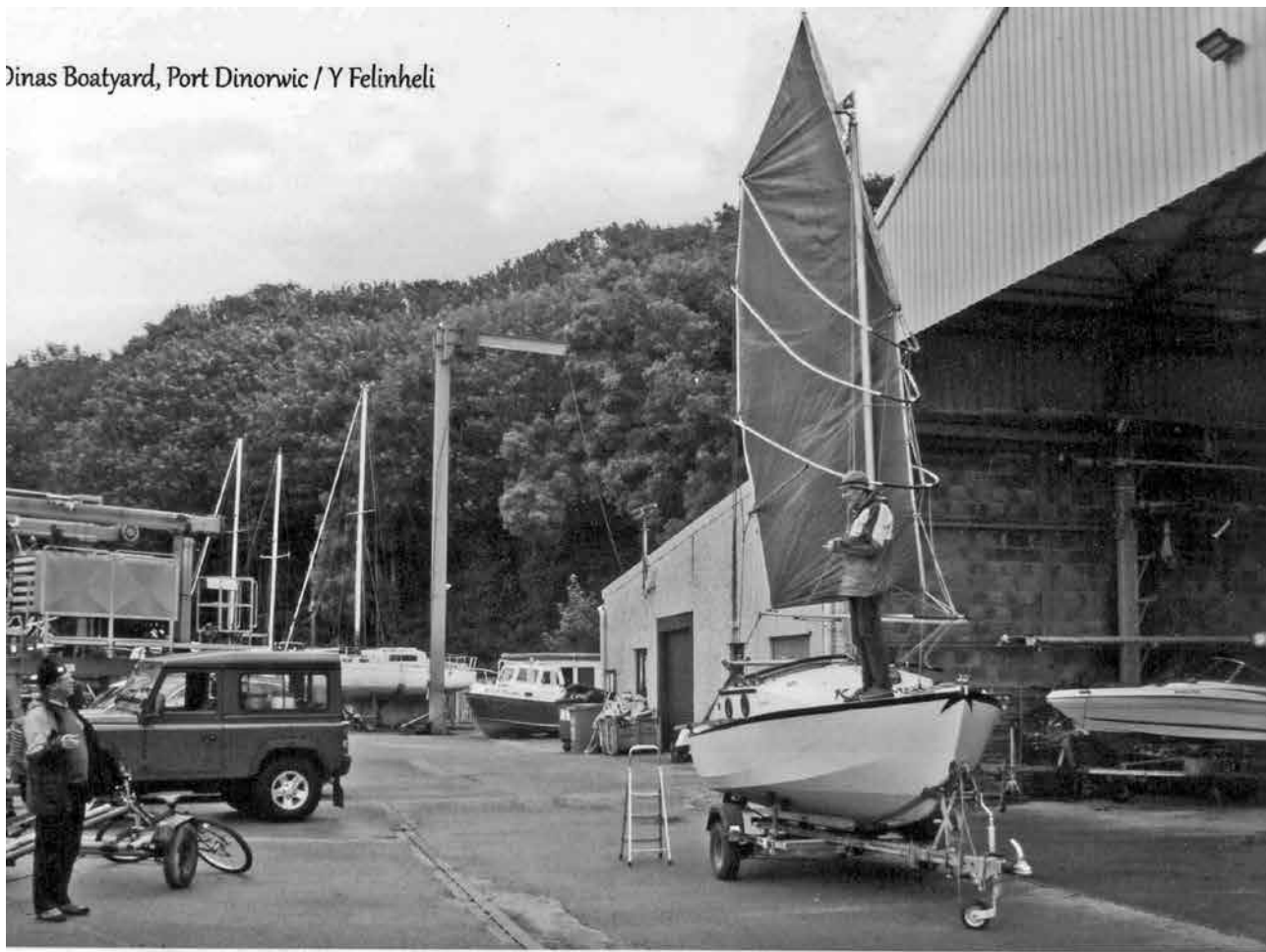
I had become rusty with the passage of time.

With the ebb tide and motor working in harmony we soon passed Caernarvon, hoisted the junk-rig sail, turned right at Red Can 8 near the narrows, dropped the sail and anchored close under the lee of the biggest sand dunes. All the tricky bits were done by Stuart and Phil, while I concentrated on not stalling the outboard. The other three surviving DCA boats soon turned up, greetings were exchanged and they carried on further to a spot favourable for drying out.

Later I rowed ashore in Stuart's excellent inflatable. I

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK





had a brief chat with a large group of D of E Gold Award youngsters who were canoe-camping at the edge of the dunes, then followed the HWM, till I reached the DCA gang and their camp-fire. Stuart and Phil had decided to stay aboard *Karma*, so at dusk I returned and after more chat, we settled down for the night. Phil and I, as honoured guests, lay in the cabin and Stuart on an angled board in the cockpit, under cover of an impressive tent supported by hoops.

All was calm until about 1.30am, when a sudden cry of alarm came from Stuart, followed by the sound of the outboard roaring into life briefly then dying. Nothing could be better calculated to produce a flood of adrenaline in someone still half-asleep and wondering if he has time to don his wellies, jacket and buoyancy aid.

Outside it was very dark and already difficult to make out the outline of the dunes, which I thought were our

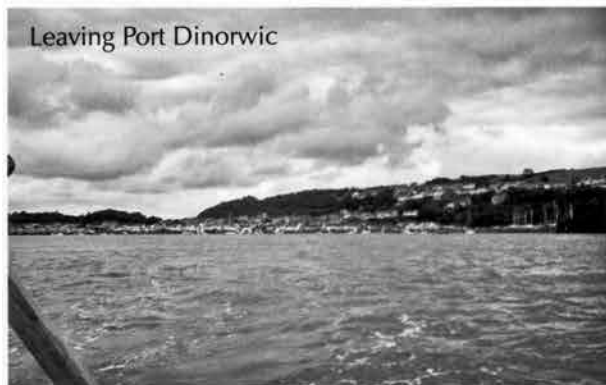
best hope of regaining shelter from the stiff breeze. Stuart's tent, sleeping board and bedding were in the way and so was the wishbone junk rig lying in a heap on the cabin top, which blocked Stuart's view. While I was still struggling to think straight, Phil leapt into action and heroically clambered onto the exposed foredeck to retrieve the anchor and warp, before it could foul the prop. We soon gave up heading for the dunes as Phil was getting a soaking on the foredeck, the boat was pitching and he didn't dare let go of the boom, so he stayed there, exposed and getting cold.

Back in the cockpit, Stuart and I spent some time trying to orientate ourselves in the darkness. It had been so easy to spot landmarks in daylight, but now the general lack of shore lights was very confusing. To me the lights of Port Dinorwic and Caernarfon were the only familiar sights, but even so, there was no sign of the castle and Stuart was convinced that we had been swept out of the narrows and over the bar. I was equally sure that we were still over the sandbanks, off Abermenai Point, inside the straits. After all, we still had a good view of Caernarfon, but I couldn't convince Stuart. Phil was nowhere to be seen, stuck on the foredeck hanging on, half-forgotten in the turmoil and confusion.

Eventually we somehow found ourselves sailing in a large, dark area. The town lights had disappeared. I think it was the drying Foryd Bay, south of Fort Belan. We were now sailing towards a tall telecoms mast with a vertical line of red lights, which I guessed was a hazard to the light aircraft which use Caernarfon Airport. We had seen the mast and its lights clearly from our anchorage and I remembered that it stood on a hill on the Llyn Peninsula. About this time Phil managed to get back into the cockpit



Leaving Port Dinorwic



where he slumped, semi-collapsed with his back to the wash-boards. I feared that both he and Stuart were becoming hypothermic. Both seemed only capable of minimal responses. After some time, during which Phil began to recover, I repeatedly suggested that we should turn the boat through 180deg. and aim for one of the flashing red channel markers, which had disappeared astern. Phil agreed and in due course Stuart turned the boat with his left hand, while hanging onto the inflatable, which was lashed on the starboard side of the cockpit, with his right.

At this point I was still pumping adrenaline and my mouth was dry with fear. I longed for a small bottle of water and I began to wonder if we would survive. I thought of the three men in the *Wayfarer* in Bulletins 179 and 240. Then I thought of a time long ago when I sailed the *Wayfarer* into Barmouth close to low water, surfing between the banks. That had been over and done with in a mere twenty minutes, but I have remembered that taste of fear ever since.

One of us then broached the question, 'Have we got a VHF?' Stuart told Phil where to find it in a pouch below and the VHF quickly appeared and was passed around. We all struggled and failed to work out or remember how it worked. After Stuart and Phil, it was my turn. In the pitch dark – if only I'd taken a head torch – I found the on switch, but no sooner was it switched on than it turned itself off again to save the battery! None of us found the red button, under a hinged flap, round the hidden side, which we needed. Even if we had successfully made a call, we had no mast-head or navigation lights to aid a rescue. We'd have been entirely dependent on the lifeboat's spotlight and I'm not sure that the Porth Dinllaen Tamar class boat could have got into Foryd Bay, even if it arrived in time. I never even thought of the helicopter at Valley, although that would have been our best chance of a rescue.

Duke of Edinburgh group canoe-camping in the dunes



After what seemed hours, things improved greatly. We spotted a red channel buoy and kept coaxing Stuart to steer towards it, as he fought the drag of the inflatable. Once there, all we had to do was turn right and head for the next one and soon there was Caernarfon and its town wall. I began to feel safe and almost warm, as the summer wind was now behind us. It took an age to pass Victoria Dock against the ebb, but slowly we made progress against the tide. Stuart, who was very cold and spent, asked Phil to take over the helm and then seemed to pass out with his back to the wash-boards, which I couldn't remove from my fixed position on the port side. Eventually he came round and then soon got down below to a towel and dry clothes. Against the tide it took a long time to pass Plas Menai. Phil and I discussed whether to moor alongside the first yacht we passed, but decided that we'd wait for daylight and pick up a vacant mooring at Dinas Boatyard, which we managed to do at the third attempt; there was no boathook. The main thing is that the outboard didn't run out of fuel, the boat was undamaged and all three of us lived to fight another day.



As we discussed our adventure, Phil suggested that as our anchor dragged when the tide neared high water, perhaps we hadn't allowed enough scope on the anchor buoy. Stuart and Phil had certainly discussed the amount of anchor warp to lay out, at the time we anchored. Then again, someone later reminded me that Abermenai Point is a notorious spot for anchors dragging. As someone more used to spending the night in my *Wayfarer* out over the bar, dried out at Llanddwyn Island, I'd mistakenly believed that inside Abermenai was as safe as houses. I guess it might be, but only if you go round the corner and dry out, like Colin and the others.

Before our mishap, our main concern had been the 40+mph gusts forecast for Sunday afternoon. We managed to avoid those by a good eight hours, by returning to Port Dinorwic at dawn. Even then, at low water, Paul was able to recover the boat and his trusty outboard, which saved us. No wonder Dinas Boatyard has such a good reputation.

David Morton, 07.09.2019

I have been enjoying the various schooner stories that have run in *MAIB* magazine lately. Here's one from the recent past of an elderly, but still willing, little schooner now based on Lake Ontario.

Back in 2014 we were asked to bring *Sara B* to a bicentennial "reenactment" of a battle in Oswego that occurred during the War of 1812. Recalling the hassles of other reenactments we'd done, we said we'd think about it. However, after repeated requests we finally gave in and agreed to take the old girl up to Oswego for the reenactment which, truth to be told, sounded pretty lame to us. *Sara B*, our 47' Tancook schooner without a cannon to her name, was to serve as a British 1812 warship. Well, at least her rig has dead eyes. No one else in the battle fleet could claim that.

We were to bombard the fort. After softening it up, the script called for us to land troops who would take the vital supplies as per historic events of two centuries ago. Except that we wouldn't really land any troops, getting them ashore was way too complicated. We'd all just sail around in circles out in front of the fort. Except we wouldn't sail, we would use our engines.

The "battle fleet" consisted of two fiberglass sloops, a club launch, two small gaff rigged schooners plus a steel 60' two master. *Sara B*'s crew was dressed in authentic 21st century blue jeans and T shirts as were most of the people manning the other boats. Although all of us were under power, we were told to attack with our sails up for dramatic effect.

At the last minute *Sara B* got a call on the skipper's cell phone and was ordered to the seawall in front of the maritime museum to pick up two gunners. We had deliberately turned our VHF off hoping to keep things simple. They were in costume and came complete with a miniature but very heavy cast iron cannon. We managed to cram the hundred plus pound gun and its wooden carriage, powder box, swab, ram and slow match onto *Sara B*'s already cluttered foredeck where her staysail horse served as a backstop to confine the carriage recoil.



Our gunners worked their weapon with some deliberation. They explained that they had been given a "black powder allowance" that they considered less than lavish. They were good sports, though, about their role playing with a small cannon on a "shiplet" about the size of an original 1812 warship's launch.

The "fleet" bombardment began at 2pm and the fort's 18 pounders replied. Clouds of black powder smoke mostly from the defenders drifted in the air and splendid echoes rolled off the Port Authority warehouse and the LaFarge cement storage silos. To add to the general mood of antiquity, a busy little drone buzzed around overhead taking photos.

Another Schooner Story

Sara B Goes to a Reenactment

By Susan Gately



We circled in an awkward procession as periodic "fire in the hole!" warnings followed by a loud bang and a gout of flame and smoke sounded from our foredeck. The script called for about 30 minutes of noise. An hour and a half later we were still circling and banging away. Our gunners announced that their contract expired at 3pm and anyway they had used up their allotment of black powder. We agreed, enough loud noises. We fled the battlefield to grab a spot on the 6' cement seawall near the Porta Potties. About 45 minutes later our fellow gaffer had tied up astern. By then we had already unloaded our cannon, and tapped the ale keg (a six pack of Labatts).

We spent a wet night aboard, kept awake by thunder and lightning and very heavy rain that revealed a few new deck leaks. The next morning we dawdled, waiting for the predicted sunshine to arrive. A west wind and a 2'-3' foot chop came up. We dawdled some more. Our homeport lay ten miles upwind, not ideal sailing for our little gaffer. Finally we decided it was time to go. The day was moving on and the wind had dropped enough to motor home. I scrambled onto the 6' high wall one last time to cast off our lines. Chris pushed the starter button. Click. No familiar cheerful chuggity chug followed. Repeated button pushing produced the same result.

The crew huddled. The electrical tester was dug out of storage and applied. Theories and discussions ensued. After a 20 minute diagnostic process the crew concluded the

60 plus year old starter, rebuilt the summer before at considerable cost, had again failed us. And by now the wind had dropped to near zero. With no wind, no motor and a forecast of strong cold front's arrival that night and north winds to 30 knots on Monday, *Sara B* wasn't going anywhere. The crew member with a wife at home called her up and we all piled into her car to get back to Fair Haven. Poor *Sara B* was left stranded and starter-less.

That night a dirty northeaster and rain whipped up the lake in the wee morning hours. By 9am, when we arrived in Oswego, 35 knot winds were driving waves right over the harbor breakwaters and had raised a 2' slop in the harbor. We watched *Sara B* and the other schooner tied behind her bounce around. (The other schooner's skipper had also been marooned the day before by mechanical issues and had spent the night aboard his boat.)

We had our spare starter with us that we had used last year when the original starter first failed. Our plan was bolt it on and motor home after the weather moderated. But the heavy surge in the harbor combined with the prospect of a later wind shift into the west worried us. Already the two boats were taking a beating against the wall. A west wind would pound them against the rough crumbling concrete big time. They were already rolling enough to come close to hitting their shrouds against the edge of the bulkhead above us. Dismasting seemed likely if we stayed put.

The three of us stood beside *Sara B* buffeted by the wind, pelted by stinging raindrops and beset by the urgent roar of the lake crashing against the breakwaters. After discussing, deliberating, dithering and agonizing as to taking a chance on being blown down onto the rocks by the Coast Guard station, we decided to move the boats to a nearby protected small boat basin. We would have two people on each boat and the third person would run down to the protected basin's floating dock to take lines as the boats hopefully arrived. *Sara B* would go first to clear the way for the smaller schooner to get off the dock.

The other schooner owner stood by to cast off our bow. I manned the stern line and Chris went below to start the motor. A gust of wind hummed in our rigging and fear crawled up from my stomach and jammed my throat. Is this a good idea? Or really stupid. It is blowing like stink! I looked at the sharp edged rip rap under our lee at the Coast Guard station. *Sara B* could end up there if her motor wasn't strong enough to push her



against the wind, I thought. It's only 18hp. Another gust roared briefly, stretching our dock lines fiddle string taut.

Then the mismatched Bendix gear on the substitute starter screeched against the flywheel gear teeth and instantly the deliberate thump thump of the diesel followed. My blood pressure dropped to manageable levels as the old engine seemed to say, "Don't worry. I'll get you there. I can do it."

I tugged at the stern line. If I didn't slip it immediately on cue our stern would slam into the jagged concrete wall when the wind grabbed the bow and blew it off. I pulled hard for slack to cast it off and found I could just barely hold the nine tons of windblow schooner long enough to slip the line.

"Ready?" said Chris.

"Yeah!"

"Let go the bow," he shouted to the man on shore.

I released my line from the bitt and we were instantly blown off the dock and heading for the rocks. The old engine inched *Sara B* ahead against wind and chop. We had steerageway. Now all we had to do was turn her around, get into the basin and get stopped. Once we reached the small basin we would be in the lee of the port's giant asphalt tanks and the LaFarge cement silos. As we approached the sheltered water the downdraft off the silos must have been hitting 50. We entered the basin and tossed the dockstander a line. He snubbed it and we swung around just missing a crash into a dock stern. Safe!

We repeated the maneuver with the other little schooner which had a considerably more powerful engine than *Sara B*. She ripped two cleats off the dock on her way

in but we got her stopped. Both boats were tucked away in the protected basin.

Two days later *Sara B* was back home on her mooring. The reenactors told us we have a hundred years until the next reenactment request. This time "no" means no!

(For more misadventures with *Sara B* visit her "log" at sarab.brownroad.com)



RAM ISLAND PEAPOD

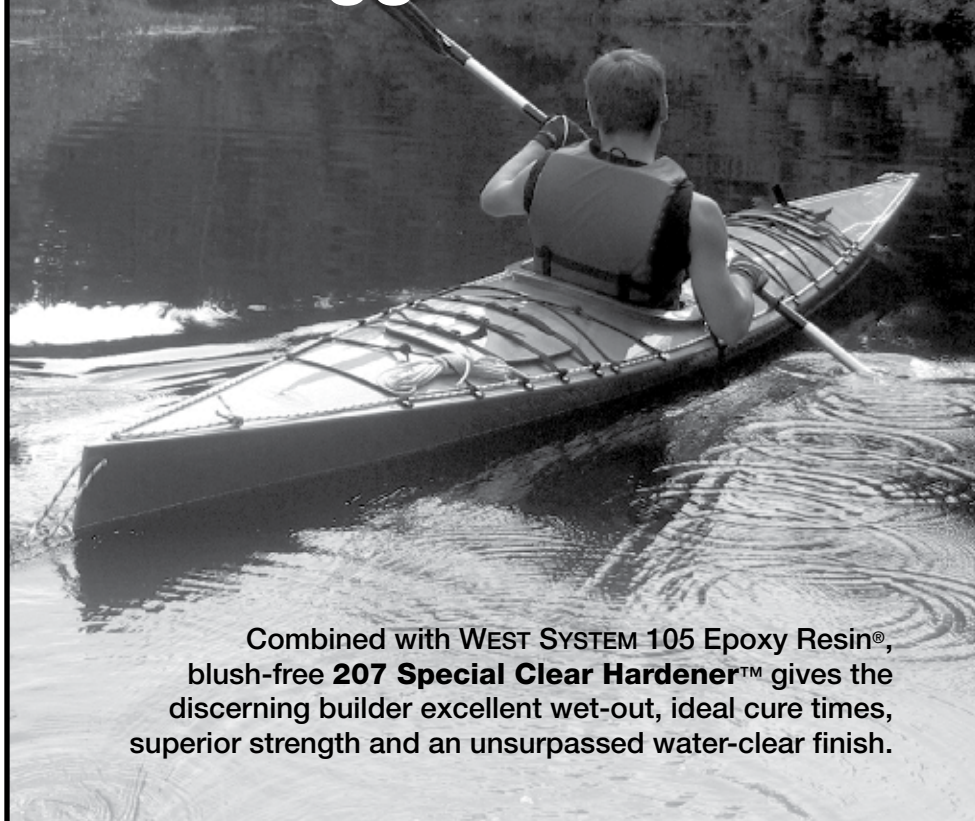


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Delaware River Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association

Background

In 2019 I wrote a series of articles for the *MainSheet* in which I described the first summer of my trip to circumnavigate the “lower 48” of the United States in a 19’ Cornish Shrimper named *Tidings*. This article is the first in a continuation of the series. The plan is to do the circumnavigation over a period of five to six years, leaving the boat where she ends up when the warm weather stops each year. The trip began at Kent Island, Maryland, on May 4, 2018, and ended for Season One on August 31, 2018, in Rockland, Maine.

Season Two (2019) began with a shake-down cruise in Lake Canandaigua in upstate New York and continued with cruises in Lake Champlain, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. *Tidings* and I traveled several thousand miles by road and a few hundred by water. I hope you will enjoy the story.

Postscript to Season One

After finishing our “down east” cruise in Maine in September of 2018, I towed *Tidings* to Clayton, New York, to meet with Steve Warfle, Paul Skalka and Kevin Brennan for a four day cruise in the Thousand Islands region of the St Lawrence River. Each of us sailed his own boat. The others were solo but I had the good company of my cousin Ed Newlands who flew from California to participate. We experienced warm weather, pleasant temperatures for swimming and “interesting” winds that varied from dead calm to 25 knots. We saw many beautiful cottages, small islands and coves.

Steve left us a day early to attend a wedding. The last night of the trip found *Red Molly*, *Slip Jig* and *Tidings* rafted up on *Tidings’* anchor in a rocky cove that was protected on three sides. The wind was dead calm at 10pm so we decided to keep the three boats rafted together when we turned in for the night.

The wind started picking up at 11pm and it blew directly toward the cove. So there we were, in unfamiliar waters with the wind howling in the rigging and a lee shore that offered no soft landings. We discussed whether to break up the raft and move somewhere else but decided the safest plan was to stay put because there were rocks all around us and we could not easily locate a safer harbor in the dark. *Tidings’* anchor was out with plenty of scope and we showed no signs of dragging. It was a restless and rough night with frequent excursions on deck to check our position. But the anchor held steady.

When dawn came we broke up the raft and motored (dead upwind, of course) back to the launch ramp to conclude the cruise. The wind was blowing 20-25 knots and the waves were 2’-3’. As I crawled forward to hoist the anchor I began singing the Gordon Lightfoot song, “Wreck of the *Edmund*

Tidings’ Great Adventure Season 2, Part 1

By Doug Oeller

Fitzgerald.” My crewman, Cousin Ed, did not seem to be amused. He was uncharacteristically quiet until we reached the ramp.

Refitting for Season Two

Anyone who owns a boat knows that each new year brings opportunities (sometimes expressed as “needs”) to improve a boat by changing or purchasing additional equipment. This is called a refit. I had done an extensive refit on *Tidings* before starting out in Season One and she was still in excellent repair at the end of the summer. But there were a few items that needed attention.

The most important task was to change the foredeck hatch. *Tidings* came from the factory in 1998 with a Lewmar low profile deck hatch. The hatch was still watertight when closed but had two shortcomings. First, the builders installed the hatch so that it opened toward the stern of the boat. This seems to be the convention for British built boats, possibly because they sail in rough seas and seldom experience very hot temperatures.

The second problem was the lack of a bug screen. As it was, the hatch, when open, blocked any breeze from entering the cabin but allowed flying insects a protected entry. The problem could be remedied by removing the hatch, rotating it 180° and reinstalling it with an aftermarket bug screen. But things are never that simple. The hatch had been in place for 20 years and I assumed removal would damage the aluminum mounting flange. Also, the pattern for the mounting bolts was not symmetrical. We would need to fill and redrill all of the holes. I decided to replace the hatch with a new one.

Tidings wintered on her trailer under a cover in Steve’s yard, in Honeoye Falls, New York. In September we parked her next to the house in a sheltered area and Steve went out periodically to check on her and brush the snow off the cover. In mid April I drove up to visit for a weekend. The plan was to replace the hatch and do a few other “pre season” chores. When I got there Steve decided to move *Tidings* to the other side of his house, which is nearer the door to his basement workshop.

The house sits at the top of a hill. The snow had only recently melted and Steve’s property was still very wet. We started by towing *Tidings* with a small farm tractor (Steve has two vintage tractors that he restored) around the house, down the hill and through an open field behind the house. But *Tidings* weighs a ton and her single axle trailer got bogged down in the soggy field. I watched as

the tires of Steve’s tractor churned like paddlewheels on a steamboat going nowhere.

There ensued a certain amount of colorful language and a variety of failed plans until finally Steve hit on the idea of using both tractors in tandem. He ran a heavy chain from the rear of the second tractor to the front of the tractor to which *Tidings* was hitched. I drove the front tractor. Steve mounted up again on the rear tractor, gave the signal, we put both tractors in low gear, eased out the clutches and slowly extracted boat and trailer from the bog accompanied by the pop pop popping sound of the old low revving tractor engines. When we reached drier turf we unchained the front tractor and Steve parked boat and trailer near the workshop door.

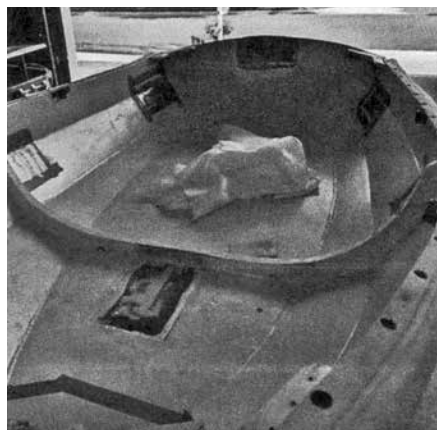
I enjoyed an evening of Warfle hospitality and the next day we set to work removing and replacing the hatch. We used a heat gun to soften the bedding compound and, surprisingly, the old hatch came out relatively easily and with no obvious damage. I used a putty knife to scrape off the old bedding compound. Steve filled the mounting holes with some quick set epoxy and drilled new holes using the new flange as a template. Then he installed the new hatch and screen. We finished in time for Steve to give me a driving tour of his town that included brief visits to a couple of local brew pubs. It was a good day’s work and the visit ended too soon.

I had removed *Tidings’* spars and the ceiling boards, which line the sides of the cabin interior, before leaving in September and carried them home on the roof rack of my truck. With the rapidly warming temperatures in Maryland it was time to get out the sandpaper and varnish. I enjoy that kind of work if I can do it indoors. I constructed a maze of stepladders and ropes to hold the mast, boom and yard. Then I sanded out the nicks and scratches and put three fresh coats of varnish on each spar. The ceiling boards were much easier as they are shorter and could be supported on sawhorses. When all the varnish work was complete and well dried, I wrapped each piece in plastic from a large roll of painter’s plastic and stored them for the return trip.



The next task was rebuilding my dinghy, *PS*. *PS* is a 7'7" Nutshell Pram that I purchased from an amateur builder several years ago. The quality of her construction is, rustic, and the builder used poor quality plywood. Her centerboard trunk developed a leak midway through the 2018 cruise and the plywood at the top edges of her bow and stern panels began to delaminate. The coup de grace occurred when a lobster boat backed down on her when she was tied to a dock in Bar Harbor and further damaged the transom. She was ready for some TLC.

I brought *PS* into my garage, put her up on some sawhorses and surveyed the damage. I decided to remove the centerboard trunk, fill in the slot and put a layer of fiberglass on her bottom. She needed new thwarts, repairs to the bow and transom and a paint job. I figured the work would take two or three days. Those of you who build boats will no doubt smile at my naivete.

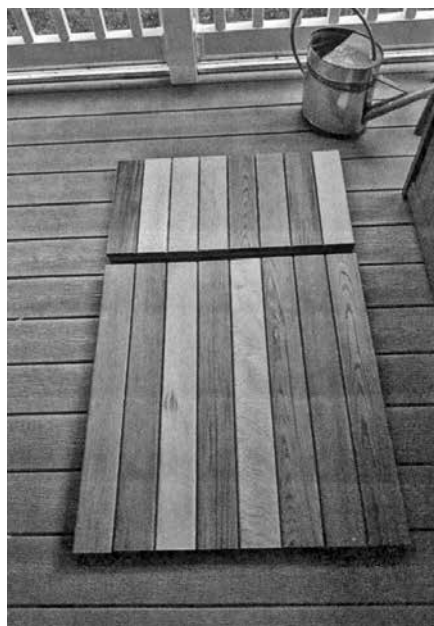


The work took me about three weeks working two to three hours most days. The most difficult part was cutting out the rotten and delaminated bow and stern and patching in new pieces of plywood. I used the stitch-and-glue technique and covered the seams with fiberglass. There is not a straight line on the boat. And, being amateur built, nothing is symmetrical. In the end my repair work looked, rustic, but *PS* was watertight and had a pretty good paint job. Someone advised me once that you don't want too pretty a dinghy because it will be attractive to thieves. I feel sure that dinghy thieves will keep on looking elsewhere when they cast a glance on *PS*.



I decided to replace *Tiding's* cockpit floor grate. When I bought her there was no grate for the cockpit floor. The surface is off white gelcoat with a small amount of non slip surfacing. The floor always looked dirty and often was wet and slippery. So first I bought an old teak grate that had been salvaged from a cargo ship. It weighed about 30lbs and the spacing of the openings created a hazard for barefoot crew.

For 2019 I wanted a lighter replacement and came up with the idea of using redwood "duckboards" intended for the floors of saunas. I ordered two duckboards from a sauna kit company. One is sized to fit in the cockpit footwell and the other to fit between the seats at the forward end of the cockpit. The second one serves as a combination bridgedeck, chart table and cocktail table.



The final purchase for the 2019 refit was a solar shower, which is essentially a dark colored plastic bag that is filled with water and left to warm in the sun. Then it is hung above head level and the water flows out of an attached hose that has a shower head. I knew that we would be sailing in fresh water all summer but it would usually be too cold for swimming. So why not at least be able to enjoy a warm shower with lake water at the end of the day?

Initially I ordered a standard unit from a marine supply store. But the quality was so poor that I returned it unused. Then I did an internet search for the "best solar shower." It turns out there are many best solar showers. But the one I chose was the NEMO Helio Pressure Shower. This unit has a foot pump and air hose so the water can be pressurized in the plastic bag, alleviating the need to hang it overhead. The attached shower hose is 7' long. You can shower while standing next to the water bag. It holds 2.9 gallons of water, which turns out to be enough for five to seven minutes of continuous spray.

The system collapses when empty and comes with a nice nylon storage bag. It is a well designed product. My only complaint is that it was difficult to fill the bag with lake water by submerging it while leaning over the side of the boat. Another container is needed to pour water into the small opening in the top of the bag.

Shakedown Cruise on Lake Canandaigua

I celebrated Father's Day, June 16, at home with Meg and Carly. We enjoyed a pleasant day together, ending with a home cooked dinner of salmon fresh off the charcoal grill. Carly presented me with a Wilson volleyball so that I would always have company aboard *Tidings*. If you don't understand the allusion, please take the time to watch "Cast-away" starring Tom Hanks. It's a great movie.



I drove back to Honeoye Falls on June 17 to start the 2019 cruise. I got *Tidings* cleaned up and loaded with gear that afternoon while Steve was at work. When he got home we put some finishing touches on a new "boom triangle" that he built to fit on the gallows and raise the height of the boom an extra 12". This makes moving around the cockpit much easier while motoring or at anchor. Steve's device is Triangle 2.0. The first one disappeared during the Thousand Islands cruise. I never did figure out how it left the boat without my notice.

Another final task was to recut the edges of the new cockpit duckboard, which was slightly too wide to fit. When measuring, I had not noticed that the deck width is narrower than the space between the top edges of the seats. Steve once again came to the rescue, making it look simple with his table saw.

The plan was to do a shakedown cruise on Lake Erie in Buffalo Harbor the next day but Steve had some urgent duties at the office that morning. He helped me reattach the mast and then headed off to work. I spent the morning rerigging the boat while Steve put out fires. When he returned in the early afternoon we decided that Buffalo was too far to drive in the remaining time available. Instead, we drove to a local brew pub for a late lunch and then headed to the launch ramp at nearby Lake Canandaigua for a sunset cruise.

The launch was uneventful except that I forgot to open the raw water intake valve that cools the diesel engine. This was quickly brought to my attention by a warning buzzer and no harm done. The single cylinder diesel engine made its characteristic pop, pop, popping sound just like an old tractor and massaged us with vibrations as we motored out over glassy waters with no wind in sight.

If I remember correctly, there may have been some malted beverages aboard. And we may have downed a few cold ones while enjoying the lakefront sights at a stately 4.5 knots. A slight breeze arrived at sunset, enough to allow us to raise the sails and make sure all sheets and halyards were properly positioned and running smoothly through their blocks. As darkness fell we furled the sails, motored back to the ramp, lowered the mast and got *Tidings* ready for the road once more. We were driving out of the parking lot when a local man waved for us to stop. He walked over the truck and, when I lowered my window, greeted us

with, “Dude, WTF?” It was a profound question with which to end the shakedown cruise. WTF, whadya think, friend?

Winter Repairs on *Marion*

By Paul Skalka

Winter time work on boats is always an easier task when one has a warm shop, helpful advice and friendly conversation while completing the required repairs. Such was the case when this past December members of our club completed the recommended repairs on the club’s Tuckup, *Marion Brewington*, at the Seaport Museum’s boat shop. When a repair plan was decided upon at the November meeting to make *Marion*’s hull more watertight, volunteers were enlisted and a work schedule was set up with Jeff in the boat shop.

After numerous emails back and forth between members and Jeff at the shop, work finally began. *Marion* was flipped over, placed on a dolly and rolled into the shop to our assigned work area. Next, any necessary hardware was removed and stored away to be reattached after final painting. With hardware removed and *Marion* flipped over on the

dolly, we were able to determine what specific things needed to be done to make *Marion* more watertight.

The entire hull was sanded and touched up as needed. The garboard seam thought to be a main source of leakage was cleaned out and recaulked. This task was a first time for me and, although it wasn’t much, it’s something I can cross off my bucket list of traditional boat building skills. The rudder post was replaced and what started out as a small dutchman in the keel grew to about 8” long and was epoxied in place. All of the lapstrake seams and the garboard seams were then given a fresh application of Sikaflex. With all of the prep work completed, the hull was then primed and painted with a new coat of white paint.

Although our list of tasks was not physically demanding, working in the heated ISM boat shop out of wind and cold of this past December made the project a lot more fun. I’ve worked outside during the winter in all kinds of weather, something I’ve done a lot more when was younger and something I try to avoid now, so being able to work in a heated shop was great. When winter sets in and you’re having boating withdrawal because you can’t be out on the water, what could be better than hanging out in a boat shop with fellow club members and boaters, sawdust, the sounds of machinery and wooden boats.

I want to thank Jeff and Dave from the boat shop for all of their help and advice during our work on *Marion*. I would especially like to thank the club members who volunteered their time to make this project possible. We had a lot of laughs, shared some good stories and experiences and I look forward to next time we can work on a

project together. The members of the *Marion* crew in addition to myself, Michael Fishkow, Al Hinkey, Ted Kilsdonk, Pete Peters, Bruce Robbins, Mark Showers and Carl Weissinger.



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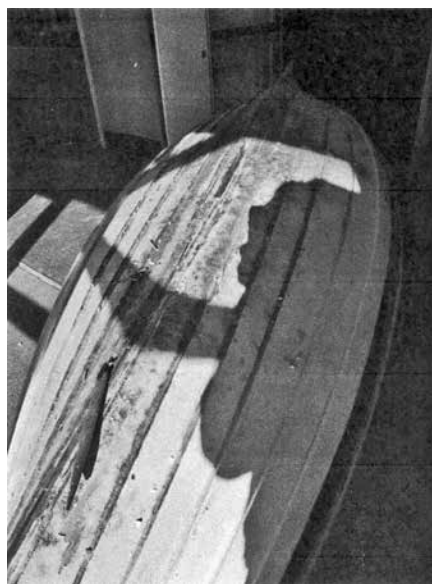
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Back from the Race

The Chicago to Mack race is a big event for sailors in the western Great Lakes. I got selected one year to bring the boat from that race back to Bayfield, Wisconsin. I drove someone's car from Minneapolis to the eastern end of the UP and spent the night in a motel at St Ignace. In the morning I drove to the ferry landing, closed up the car and locked it on the far side of the parking lot and boarded the ferry to Mackinac Island.

The Island is a tourist mecca. Its biggest attraction is the big Victorian hotel and the fact that cars are not allowed there. Horse drawn buggies and bicycles rule. Everything is delivered with horse power to the big hotel on the hill. There is an airport on the island but they keep that a secret from the tourists.

I checked in at the judging area to find the *Hindsite* in the mass of other yachts. I was told that yes, it had arrived at about four that morning and they steered me to the proper dock to find her. I walked out on the dock and found the *Hindsite* just where they said it should be. I went aboard and there was my old friend Timmy. I was not surprised because he never misses a big race.

Timmy warned me that both crews were sacked out somewhere so let them sleep for a bit. I was shocked when I went below. There were bodies everywhere one could sleep. It was a coed trip and I didn't want to wake some young lady sleeping on the cabin sole, so I stowed my bag and went back on deck.

Timmy explained that they did this race with two six person crews and they were exhausted. Charlie the skipper had been up long enough to get the boat docked and went back to his cabin. Not much to do until the crew started stirring so I visited the island for an hour. The islanders were unloading groceries from the ferry and hauling them on a buckboard up to the hotel. They took this no cars thing very seriously.

When I got back the crew was beginning to move. I found out whose car keys I had and got them delivered to the owner. I checked that my bag was still there and helped get the boat ready to sail again. Charlie was up thanking all the folks who had helped in the race and ushering them ashore.

The crowd got smaller and soon we had only the ferry crew on board. Charlie said it could be days before he learned how well he placed so we got underway late in the morning and soon we were leaving Lake Huron and headed up the St Mary's River to the Soo Locks and then into Lake Superior. We got out of Whitefish Bay and cleared the point and headed west. At supper time the rest of the crew went below to eat, leaving me alone at the wheel holding a westerly course under full sail.

We were in a big section of the lake with no land in sight to the west when all of a sudden I began to see islands showing up where there should be just open water. OK, so what's going on? I looked at the chart and saw no land anywhere close. I hated to disturb the crew during the supper hour but I called out, "Charlie, we got land ahead of us. Some islands or something." He was up in the cockpit like right now. He looked at the chart just like I had and scratched his head while he thought about it. Then he said, "I think that we are looking at the Porcupine Mountains." They were a long way away but they were tall enough that we could see the tops of them from halfway across the lake.

Sea Stories & Tall Tales

By Mississippi Bob

I had never experienced this happening before in all my boating experience. I guess that when I was in the shallow water navy we never got far from shore. OK, that problem solved, time to set the night watches. While I don't remember all the details about the rest of the trip, I do remember that I was on one of the night watches and we were sailing I think on a port tack. We were getting a long way off our rhumb line. It was time to tack.

There were two of us on the watch. We talked about it for a little and we both agreed to wait until we changed watches to tack the boat. The *Hindsite* had twin backstays. The main boom extended past the backstays so they had to be slackened and hand carried around the end of the boom then rerigged on the new tack.

This was not a two man job so we waited and tacked when we changed crews. I thought about it later and remembered that we had just spent over four hours on the same tack, I never did that on Lake Nokomis. The next day we sailed into the Apostle Islands, sailed past Michigan Island and into the breakwater at Bayfield. Another adventure well done.

Back to the Finish

I believe it was Tuesday morning when the phone rang. It was Charlie Hinz on the other end. He was looking for a crew. We had left the *Hindsite* up in Sault St Marie the previous week and he still wanted to get the boat to Sturgeon Bay. My first question was, who else would be on the crew?

He said, "Me and my son Jimmy, he is a big strong guy 30 years old." That went through my mind for a minute before I said OK. I next asked when do we leave Minneapolis. It ended up an all night drive back to Sault St Marie. In the morning we loaded our sea bags and some groceries on the *Hindsite*.

We got underway down the St Mary's River headed to Lake Huron. This part of the trip was very uneventful. The weather was perfect and about noon we arrived in the lake. We turned towards the Mackinac Bridge and sailed under it. This bridge is the only link between Lower Michigan and the UP. It is a gigantic structure, it had to cost the Michigan taxpayer a lot.

We turned into a marina at Mackinac City and stopped for a quick lunch. We headed back out and west into Lake Michigan. When Charlie felt that we were safely offshore along the Michigan coast we headed south. We had all afternoon on this course so I headed below and hit the rack. I slept well after spending the night bouncing around in the back of a minivan.

When I awoke we were approaching our turning point. We were directly across the lake from Sturgeon Bay. We had been sailing on a port tack all afternoon. Our new course was still on the port tack but now we were running west out across Lake Michigan. We were still under power.

As we headed into the lake we had one set of waves off our port quarter and a ground swell off the starboard side. The skipper decided that we should get rid of the main before it got dark. That was a good call. Get-

ting the main down was a big job for three men. The *Hindsite* had twin backstays. The end of the boom extended beyond the stays. We had to release the starboard stay and haul it around the end of the boom as we hauled the boom into the centerline of the boat and then tighten the stay again and get the boom secured in the gallows.

We did a very sloppy job of furling the main. The main on this sloop was a very big sail and the best we could do was to pass lines around it and pull it up to the bottom of the boom and lash it there. Not good seamanship but the best we could do at the time. The following sea was beginning to lift the stern noticeably.

We had a roller furling jib and reduced it to about half its size. We sheeted it tight on the centerline. We kept it on to reduce the roll. We were developing a lot of roll. The further offshore we got the bigger the waves became.

The skipper disappeared for the rest of the night, Jimmy and I spelled each other on the wheel and doing galley chores, coffee and sandwiches. We were reaching a point where the following sea was knocking us off course about 15° with each wave that passed under us. Sometimes when the ground swell and the main waves hit together this 49-footer would surf down the moving surface. It was thrilling but it made it difficult to hold our course.

Shortly before dawn it started to rain. Then the wind shifted out of the west and it began to get colder. Jimmy was on the wheel and I was keeping him company in the cockpit. I had my head resting against a winch looking straight up. I was half asleep when the snowflakes started landing on my face. That woke me up.

The new west wind was from a cold front. It helped because it was flattening out the waves that we had all night. This wind was off the Wisconsin shore. About sunrise we could see the shore and we began picking up the jetty lights that we should be aiming at. In spite of all the corrections we had made overnight we were right on our course. When we were about five miles out the sea flattened out and Charlie came alive and said in his way, "Good, we are almost there."

We motored into the channel that separates Sturgeon Bay and very soon we arrived at Palmer Johnson's dock. We tied up directly behind a gigantic yacht. This boat was a 125' long and about four stories high. It was as large as some of the ships that I had served on in the Coast Guard. The skipper was talking with the shop foreman and we asked him who that yacht belonged to. He said, "Palmer Johnson was building it on speculation. They had \$16 million in it and were hoping to find a buyer to choose the interior so they could finish the inside. We hope to make a profit." He lived in a different world than me.

We were squared away at Palmer Johnson's yard. We got our gear off and a rental car showed up and we had a fancy lunch and started the long drive across Wisconsin. We were home in time for a late supper.



The last sail of the season is a sad day. Even worse for me is travelling to the marina when the sun is shining, breeze blowing, but having to simply de-rig! There's time for one more sail, right?

The final days of October marks the official end of our sailing season in Western Pennsylvania. Folks who moor their sailboats at the state park marina or keep them on trailers are instructed to "remove all watercraft" by Halloween. Despite seasonally warming temperatures and lakes that often remains open now until January, the threat of hard water sends many sailors to packing up their boats even earlier.



Weekend weather was iffy. With some planning, I might get work done early in the week and shift meetings so as to get to the lake on Wednesday. For some reason, I remember a mirthful discussion with some club sailors about unhealthy obsessions and the technical definition of addiction. No, sailing does not disrupt obligations to work or school. No, the activity does not cause problems with family and friends, though I have a remarkable wife and two daughters who all sail, and often crew with me. Withdrawal ...? That's more complicated.

Back to the marina . . . none of my understanding family crew really enjoys sailing in blustery conditions. Maybe the older daughter will take out the Sunfish in white caps if it's an August afternoon, 80 degrees and Sunny. But they are fair weather sailors and happy enough come September to stay warm and dry.

Wednesday arrived with building anticipation. Sure I would have to pack up the boat, but I had a few hours, and the forecast breeze promised to be pretty healthy. A handful of retirement age skippers were puttering around their boats, removing lines, bringing cushions to their SUVs for winter storage, running the gas out of outboard lines for the winter. From the end of the pier, I could see whitecaps out past the cove entrance. Still, a forecast of 15 knots shouldn't be too eventful in a 23-foot

Sail or De-rig

Ken Sherwood



ballasted keelboat. I had set up jiffy reefing earlier in the season and tested but not had to employ it for real, so this would be a great chance to fine tune. Might have got away without it, but I relished the chance to test it.



I fired up the outboard, stowed fenders, donned by PFD, and removed the sail cover. I quickly tied in first reef. Within minutes, we were gently motoring away from the mooring area towards open water. Wind was building, so I thought I'd start with the jib furling. I set the tiller-clutch and climbed on deck to raise the reefed main. (On my prior boat, I had run halyards to the cockpit but usually had to be on deck to feed the main into the slot anyway; the decks are wide on

into the slot anyway; the decks are wide on the Precision 23 and it's relatively stable, so I'm not averse to going to the mast while solo sailing. If possible, I do so with the outboard in neutral to minimize the chance of the boat sailing away from me in a mishap).

As I climbed back down into the cockpit, *Gratitude* was losing way, and nosing into the wind. I cheated by putting the outboard briefly into gear to head help fall off onto a port-tack close reach — and away we go!

The sun warmed things nicely and we were moving along at an estimated 4 knots before long. After lifting the outboard, I rolled out the 110% jib and soon we were in the groove. There was a bit of chop — not surprising given Lake Arthur is quite shallow — as I pointed the bow towards the prevailing westerly and the bridge several miles to the

west. This was sailing; even sweeter at this tail end of the season to be out on the water, sharing the lake with just a few fishermen, no other sails in sight.

Wind, water, the rhythm of sounds and gentle pressure on the tiller.

Minutes, hours, even on an inland lake, there's a timelessness to a good sail. But eventually it was time to head back in. Along with pulling the boat, I had brought a pressure washer to give the bottom some attention, and

I didn't want to be rushed — as the goal was to tow the boat back home before dark. Heading back, down wind was a blast. Rolled the jib completed up; still minimal weather helm. We weren't quite surfing but certainly getting a lift from following waves. I was being thoughtful in choosing jibes, from broad reach to broad reach. I wanted to avoid an accidental jibe and was visualizing the sweet S-curve that all the sailing books illustrate.

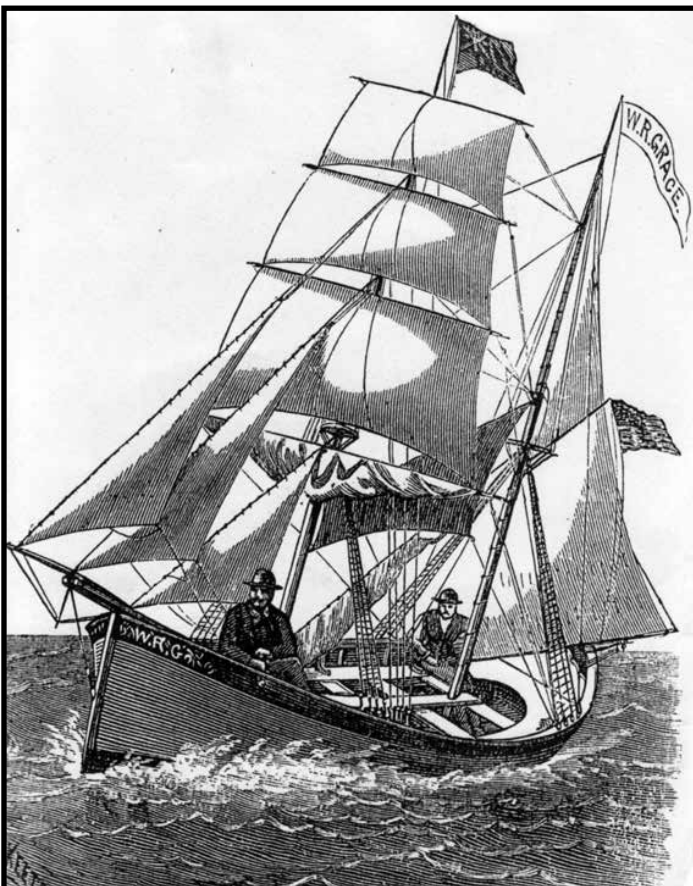
We were soon approaching the cove to our north where my truck and trailer were waiting. We'd made good time — it wasn't even lunch yet. We kept sailing. Jibe towards the south east, and suddenly there was a snap, as I let the main run free the luff of the sail was flapping in the air — one, two, three, ... seven sail slugs had snapped — I had a flag instead of main sail!

Quickly I jumped to the mast, released the halyard and began to claw down the sail. Planning a short sail, I had helpfully decided not to stow the bungee "Sail Cradle" away, so this helped in bunching up the main, which I then gasketed using the tail end of the boom vang.

Once or twice before I've had sailing experiences that required some post-gaming. My first capsizing learning on an FJ? That sent me home to figure out what a "broach" was and how to avoid. Here it seems that brittle sail slugs and allowing the main to run free contributed to the breakage. Despite having the vang on moderately, I think the top of the main was able to twist off significantly in the gust, putting excess side-wise torsion on the slugs. Those have been replaced. It's a challenge to ease the main (which is end-sheeted on the P23 and cleated at the rear coaming) while avoiding a tangle and facing forward to carve a gentle turn. A winter project is installing a boom brake.

Looking at the almanac once home, I see that in nearby Pittsburgh, winds were 21mph with gusts to 28. Sailing in company, I might have avoided the jibe altogether. The one lesson seared into my wife's memory from our single keelboat lesson together in Maine many years ago was — jibes can kill you. But I wanted a bit of practice, pushing my envelope and the boat's a bit. Mission accomplished.

So I ended the season by creating some extra work and a little expense, but still, it was worth it to have a memorable sail to end the season. I can never just pull out the boat and de-rig, not when there's a breeze.



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Working Skiffs of Eastern Maine

The lobster fishery has contracted substantially off Long Island and the Massachusetts coast. However, in eastern Maine it continues to thrive, though harvest levels have varied dramatically from year to year. The industry depends on small skiffs to ferry crews to and from their boats.



There is no standard design for these skiffs. Many are flat bottomed, a design that is easy to pull up on a float or to just leave on a tidal flat when not in use. These boats are also convenient for transporting a bunch of supplies because the load can rest on a flat surface. The construction technique is simple, a flat bottom of plywood or planks, then wooden planks for the sides, meeting at a sharp angle.

Mixed in with the locally built hard chined skiffs like the one shown here are a number of boats with rounded bottoms. These require a bit more boat building skill and are a bit less convenient for transporting supplies. As fiberglass and molded plastic displaced wood as a construction material, however, inexpensive soft chine skiffs have become common tenders.



Waterfront of Eastern Maine

By Dave McDermott

Eastern Maine, east of Acadia National Park, is home to some recreational boating but the waterfront is still dominated by working craft and the people who use those craft. The illustrations that follow use block prints, made with a centuries old technique that yields a simple black and white image to tell the story of those small boats.

In some lobster harbors tenders are propelled by small outboards. In the smaller and more sheltered harbors rowing is more common. The classic rowing pose, facing aft and pulling two oars, is relatively rare. It is much more common to see tenders propelled by a standing rower, facing aft and padding the boat stern first with a single paddle.

The skiffs are small and many lobstermen are big, so one person per skiff is a comfortable load. Once, however, I saw two big lobstermen paddling a skiff, backwards, in the harbor at Corea, Maine, as shown in this print. Backwards rowing is a technique that has been used for many decades though its origin remains obscure. Some local observers attribute stand up rowing to a decline in rowing skill on the part of young lobstermen, but there is some evidence that the technique has older origins.



Photographs made by Louise Young show individual lobstermen using this technique as far back as the 1940s. Drawings by Harlan Hubbard, who explored the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers in a homebuilt shantyboat in the 1940s, show Ohio River boatmen tusing the stand up technique. The historian John Stilgoe reports that 19th century Maine lobstermen rowed their double ended peapod lobster boats while standing. Stilgoe attributes the technique to the need to see well enough to maneuver close to rocky shores. The double ended peapod allowed lobstermen to steer while facing the bow, but at the same time have a pointed stern facing a following sea. The afternoon sea breeze, Stilgoe observes, produces swells that run from offshore toward the harbors to which lobstermen would be returning at the end of the day.

Further Reading

Lifeboat, by John Stilgoe, University of Virginia Press, 2003

Shantyboat, by Harlan Hubbard, University Press of Kentucky, 1977

Eastern Maine Fisheries

For much of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, the American sardine industry was centered in the small Maine towns of Eastport and Lubec. However, there was one big problem, there were no sardines in the western North Atlantic Ocean. So the domestic sardine industry caught the plentiful local herring, put the small ones in cans and called them sardines, then smoked the larger fish and sold them in boxes as smoked herring.

The French, who canned Mediterranean sardines, were outraged to see the name sardine applied to herring and lobbied to force the American canneries to stop calling their product sardines. This block print illustrates the story of the industry with the same fish carrying two separate names.



The industry, incidentally, brought great prosperity to several towns along the coast of Maine. Eastport and Lubec enjoyed much of that prosperity with dozens of canneries as well as associated industries such as can-making plants, cat food factories, mustard mills and even cosmetics factories that used the tiny glistening herring scales to give makeup a sparkle. The industry collapsed in the decades following WWII as access to refrigeration made it easier for people to consume fresh fish and as tastes shifted away from strong tasting fish like herring to mild fish like cod and pollack.

The Atlantic mackerel is, or at least used to be, abundant in the waters of eastern Maine. While there is not much commercial demand for mackerel as people food, it has been popular as bait for lobsters, particularly in nearby Canadian waters. Mackerel are much loved by recreational anglers who catch them on light tackle from docks or small boats when schools move close to shore in early summer. The small fish have dark and oily flesh that turns light and crisp when grilled.



Lobstering continues to thrive in eastern Maine though the catch has declined from

a dramatic peak just a couple of years ago. The industry is changing, however, with an increasing number of large boats suited for fishing far offshore replacing the smaller boats that work inshore waters only. At the same time traditional lobster pounds, simple structures that could hold lobsters in an impounded bay until they were ready to be sold, are being replaced by a smaller number of industrial scale lobster processing facilities. At this abandoned pound only a single building and a fragment of the wooden wall that separated the pound from the surrounding bay survives.



Further Reading

“Sardines, Place and Taste,” by Dave McDermott in *Historical Geography*, January 2011 Vol 39 pgs 208-222.

Sailing for Pleasure

Joy Bay, east of Acadia National Park on the Maine coast, was served by small coastal schooners that called at the town landing in the 19th and early 20th century to load products from local lumber mills. These vessels had to negotiate a narrow channel and strong tidal current to reach the landing. With the demise of the lumber schooners and the silting in of the slips at the town landing, sailing largely disappeared from the bay. For almost two decades I told friends who inquired about sailing that the bay just wasn’t well suited to recreational sailing.

About five years ago recreational sailing began to enjoy a rebound. These prints honor some of those boats. The first three images here are from a “junket” on Joy Bay hosted by the Junk Rig Association. All three boats were originally built with more conventional rigs, then converted to the junk sail. The boat below is an 18’ Pearson Packet built in 1965 and substantially rebuilt by North Carolinian Jonathan Bryant as a junk rigged cruiser.



The boat below middle is Chris Shelton’s junk rigged Mirror Dinghy built to a British design from the 1960s. The design was promoted by a working class newspaper, the *Daily Mirror*, as one that could be built with relative ease and at low cost, using stitch and glue technique. The design originally called for a gunter rig, though later versions were built as a Bermudan sloop.

The boat bottom right is a Portland Pudgy, an 8’ dinghy marketed for use as a tender, multipurpose skiff and lifeboat. It is offered for sale with a gaff or square head sail.

This boat was converted by Shemaya Laurel and Suzanne Jean to use a junk rig and a sail assembled from orange poly tarp.

The junk rigged boats are all characterized by a sail that extends in front of the mast with stiffeners, or battens, that run the full width of the sail. Junk rig fans admire the inherent



safety of such a sail. It is very easy to reef to reduce the area of the sail when increasing winds make a large sail unsafe. The

junk is also safer than many other rigs in a jibe when the stern of a sailboat is pointed toward the wind and the sail quickly shifts from one side of the boat to the other. *Serenity*, below, is shown with its original rig. It, too, has now been converted to a junk rig.



And finally, my boat, a plywood dinghy that I found at a junk store for \$100. The proprietor asked if I planned to use it as a planter in my garden. Instead, I did a quick and dirty patch job with scraps of pine paneling and fiberglass, then rigged it with a sprit sail, rudder and off centerboard from a sailing canoe. The junk rig folks, a particularly welcoming bunch, let my wife, Jeannie, and I join their on the water celebrations.

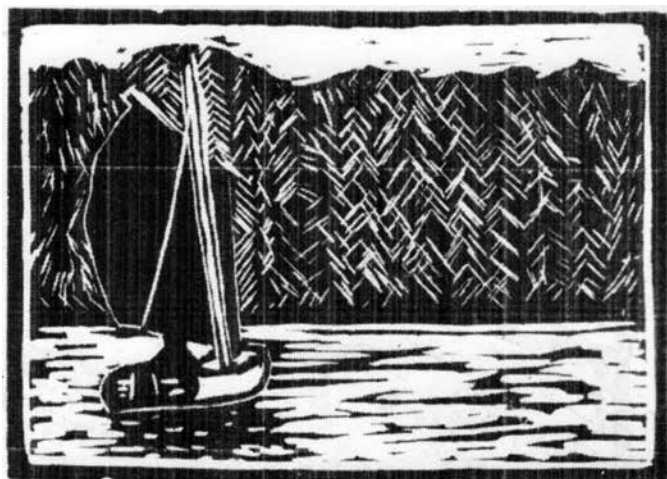
Further Reading

“Mayday Rescue in the Florida Straits,” by Jona Bryant, in *Practical Boat Owner*, October 2019, pgs 54-58

“Converting a Canoe for Sailing,” by Dave McDermott, *MAIB* Vol 11, No 17, January 15, 1994

sailingauklet.com, look back for posts on the Portland Pudgy and small boat design and sailing generally

Notes on junk rigs generally: The Junk Rig Assoc, www.junkrigassociation.org



San Juan, Puerto Rico

The Coast Guard, United Kingdom Royal Navy and US law enforcement partners seized 1,400kg (3,086lbs) of cocaine and detained nine suspected smugglers following the interdiction of two separate drug smuggling events in the Caribbean Sea on January 24 and 30. The seized drug shipments are estimated to have a wholesale value of more than \$46.2 million.

The interdiction was a result of an international, multi agency law enforcement effort in support of Operation Unified Resolve, Operation Caribbean Guard, Campaign Martillo (a joint interagency, 20 nation collaborative counter narcotic effort), and the Caribbean Corridor Strike Force (CCSF) and will be prosecuted by the US Federal District Court for the District of Puerto Rico.

"These interdictions highlight the importance of working with our allied partners such as the United Kingdom Royal Navy, as well as our joint interagency collaboration with the Department of Defense and our local and federal law enforcement in the region," said Rear Admiral Eric C. Jones, commander of the Coast Guard Seventh District. "These efforts, underpinned by our unwavering resolve to stop drug smuggling vessels at sea, greatly contribute to safeguarding our citizens in Puerto Rico and the US Virgin Islands and protecting our shared interests of a safer and more secure Caribbean."

In the first interdiction, the United Kingdom's Royal Navy RFA Mounts Bay (L3008), while on patrol with a US Coast Guard Law Enforcement Detachment (LEDET) and a Coast Guard Helicopter Interdiction Tactical Squadron (HITRON) armed helicopter onboard, detected two suspicious go-fast vessels approximately 74 nautical miles south of St Croix, US Virgin Islands. The RFA *Mounts Bay* launched the Coast Guard HITRON helicopter and the ship's pursuit vessel with the Coast Guard LEDET to interdict both suspect vessels. The Coast Guard LEDET boarding team, with the assistance of RFA *Mounts Bay* crewmembers, boarded both suspect vessels, apprehending the seven men and seizing 42 bales of suspected contraband.

In the second interdiction, a marine patrol aircraft detected a northbound target of interest southeast of Isla Beata, Dominican Republic. The cutter *Bear*, along with a helicopter, responded to interdict the go-fast. Cutter *Bear's* *Over the Horizon* cutter boat and embarked helicopter arrived on scene and stopped the go-fast. Cutter *Bear's* boarding team detained the two men aboard the go-fast after discovering 13 bales of suspected contraband. The Cutter *Bear* delivered the seized contraband and detainees from both cases to Customs and Border Protection (CBP) officers, Immigrations and Customs Enforcement (ICE)-HSI, and DEA special agents in San Juan, Puerto Rico.



Our Coast Guard in Action

Between October 2019 and December 2019, the Coast Guard and Caribbean Border Interagency Group authorities have seized 12,060kg of cocaine and 407lbs of marijuana during law enforcement operations surrounding Puerto Rico and the US Virgin Islands. The wholesale value for these seizures is more than \$314 million.

Boston, Massachusetts

The crew of Coast Guard Cutter *Spencer* returned to Boston after conducting an 80-day counter drug patrol in the Eastern Pacific Ocean. *Spencer's* crew seized approximately 700 kilograms of cocaine, valued at \$19 million, after interdicting a smuggling vessel in ongoing efforts to disrupt transnational crime organizations.

The crew's patrol spanned more than 14,000 nautical miles and focused on enforcing international counter trafficking laws, supporting US partnerships with Central and South American countries, and helping to preserve the national security of the United States. The crew also responded to multiple search and rescue cases including a distress call from an aircraft experiencing an engine casualty.

Coast Guard Cutter *Spencer* is a 270' Medium Endurance Cutter with a crew complement of 100.



Portsmouth, Virginia

The crew of the Coast Guard cutter *Tampa* returned to their homeport in Portsmouth, Virginia, after an 80-day counter drug patrol in the Eastern Pacific. The crew successfully executed the counter narcotics mission, interdicting four vessels with a total of over 9,200lbs of cocaine worth an estimated \$154 million dollars. The crew of the cutter also detained 12 suspected drug smugglers, boarded three additional vessels, and responded to one search and rescue case.

The cutter began the patrol by embarking an armed helicopter crew from the Coast Guard's Helicopter Interdiction Tactical

Squadron (HITRON) in Mayport, Florida. Working together they were able to increase the Coast Guard's ability to detect and stop vessels suspected of drug smuggling.

Prior to entering the primary patrol area, the crew of the *Tampa* conducted a training engagement with the Guatemalan Navy in Puerto Santo Tomás de Castilla as part of Operation Crested Eagle. The crew of the *Tampa* provided law enforcement training, tours of the ship, and engineering technical support for Guatemalan naval vessels.

"I am humbled and very proud of what our crew has accomplished during this patrol," said Cmdr Michael Cilenti, commanding officer of the *Tampa*. "Just keeping our 36-year-old ship operating is a full time job and our crew not only did that, but safely and professionally executed our counter drug mission."



Cape Canaveral, Florida

The crew of the Coast Guard Cutter *Vigilant* returned home to Cape Canaveral after a 55-day counter drug patrol in the Eastern Pacific. The *Vigilant's* efforts during their patrol led to the seizure of 2,155kgs of cocaine, 30lbs of marijuana, and 1lb of amphetamine valued at \$81.7 million, and the detention of 11 suspected narco traffickers.

While on patrol, the *Vigilant* crew interdicted three suspected drug smuggling vessels with two of the interdictions both occurring within a 24-hour span. The first interdiction occurred when the crew intercepted a 45' low profile vessel smuggling 810kgs of cocaine. The *Vigilant* crew resumed their patrol after the four suspected smugglers aboard were detained and evidence to facilitate prosecution was collected.



Eight hours later the crew interdicted a second vessel, a 35' panga, on which *Vigilant's* boarding team seized 355kgs of cocaine, 30lbs of marijuana, and 1lb of amphetamine and detained four suspected smugglers.

The removal of large quantities of contraband through interdictions such as these disrupts the operations of transnational criminal organizations, deterring violence and promoting the stability of governments in the region. Law enforcement boardings and the subsequent processing of the cases, to include evidence preservation, care and feed-

ing of detainees and documentation of the incident, are evolutions that involve all members of the crew.

While in the Pacific, the *Vigilant* crew worked with several US and partner nation assets, including a Military Sealift Command ship and three Coast Guard cutters. In Panama, the crew conducted a professional exchange and training with officials from Panamanian law enforcement and military agencies to promote regional stability and security, economic prosperity and resiliency through collaborative engagement.

The *Vigilant* also hosted Panama's Tactical Unit of Drug Operations and the National Aeronaval Service to share the Coast Guard's process for collecting and preserving evidence to support the prosecution of smuggling cases. During a brief stop in Ecuador, the crew liaised with the Ecuadorian Navy and local government officials to coordinate a short fused custodial transfer of an Ecuadorian national suspected of drug smuggling. The successful transfer of the suspected narco trafficker highlighted the nation's commitment to strengthening the interoperability with the Ecuadorian government in the enduring fight against transnational organized crime in the maritime domain.

The *Vigilant* is a multi mission 210' Medium Endurance Cutter whose missions include illegal drug and migrant interdiction as well as search and rescue. The *Vigilant* patrols throughout the Caribbean basin, Atlantic seaboard and periodically the Eastern Pacific Ocean to ensure safety of life at sea and enforce international and domestic laws.

Alameda, California

The crew of the US Coast Guard Cutter *Bertholf* (WMSL 750) returned home to Alameda following an 82-day counter narcotics patrol in the Eastern Pacific Ocean. The national security cutter crew offloaded more than 18,000lbs of cocaine in San Diego estimated to be worth more than \$312 million. The drugs represented seven separate suspected drug smuggling vessel interdictions and disruptions by five Coast Guard cutter crews patrolling international waters of the Eastern Pacific Ocean off the coasts of Mexico, Central and South America between mid October and early December. *Bertholf's* crew was responsible for three interdictions, seizing 5,851lbs of cocaine worth more than an estimated \$100 million. The interdictions were made by joint efforts with the following four separate Coast Guard cutter crews:

Northland (WMEC 904) was responsible for one case seizing 3,328lbs.

James (WMSL 754) was responsible for one case seizing 1,609lbs.

Harriet Lane (WMEC 903) was responsible for one case seizing 5,037lbs.

Thetis (WMEC 910) was responsible for one case seizing 2,394lbs.

Vice Admiral Linda L. Fagan, Coast Guard Pacific Area commander, US Attorney Robert Brewer, Southern District of California, and Principal Deputy Administrator Preston Grubbs, Drug Enforcement Agency, addressed *Bertholf's* crew prior to last week's offload.

"This offload demonstrates another successful example of the 'Cycle of Justice,'" said Fagan. "This cycle begins with intelligence driven detection and monitoring of illicit activities that then cue the interdiction and apprehension of smugglers and contraband

and ultimately leads to criminal prosecution. This 'Cycle of Justice' disrupts a 'Cycle of Crime' which, left unchecked, fuels violence and instability that corrodes our hemisphere's social and economic fabric and directly contributes to historically high drug related deaths in neighborhoods across North America."

The *Bertholf* has spent nearly nine months of 2019 deployed from home. Earlier in the year the crew conducted a six-month patrol operating under the tactical control of commander, US 7th Fleet in the Western Pacific. "This has been a challenging and exciting year for *Bertholf*," said Lt Cmdr Kevin Laubenheimer, the cutter's operations officer. "We started 2019 patrolling the East China and Yellow Seas while conducting United Nations sanctions enforcement, and we finished the year in the Eastern Pacific. Many late nights, long pursuits and a lot of hard work went into making this a successful counter drug patrol. We're proud to operate alongside the other cutters, patrol aircraft and partner nation assets patrolling the Eastern Pacific to stem the flow of illegal drugs into our country."



San Diego, California

The crew of the Coast Guard Cutter *Munro* (WMSL 755) offloaded nearly 20,000lbs of cocaine seized from known drug transit zones of the Eastern Pacific Ocean worth approximately \$338 million. Eight interdictions were made between mid November and mid January by the joint efforts of the following four separate Coast Guard cutter crews:

Thetis (WMEC 910) was responsible for two cases seizing 6,830lbs.

Resolute (WMEC 620) was responsible for one case seizing 1,951lbs.

Tampa (WMEC 902) was responsible for two cases seizing 4,270lbs.

Munro (WMSL 755) was responsible for three cases seizing 6,680lbs.

Numerous US agencies from the Departments of Defense, Justice and Homeland Security cooperated in the effort to combat transnational organized crime. The Coast Guard, Navy, Customs and Border Protection, FBI, Drug Enforcement Administration, Immigration and Customs Enforcement, and the Panama Express Strike Force, along with allied and international partner agencies, play a role in counter drug operations. The fight against drug cartels in the Eastern Pacific Ocean requires unity of effort in all phases from detection, monitoring and interdictions, to criminal prosecutions of these cases by US Attorneys in districts within Florida and Texas.

These interdictions were in support of Campaign Martillo, a regional initiative targeting illicit trafficking that threatens security and prosperity at the national, regional and international levels. The law enforcement phase of counter smuggling operations in the

Eastern Pacific is conducted under the authority of the 11th Coast Guard District headquartered in Alameda. The interdictions, including the actual boardings, are led and conducted by members of the US Coast Guard.

"The men and women of the United States Coast Guard have made America a safer place to live," said David King, the director for the High Intensity Drug Trafficking Area (HITDA) program. "This cocaine will never make it into our homes, schools and communities to fuel violent crime, addiction and death."

The *Thetis* is a 270' Medium Endurance Cutter homeported in Key West, Florida. The *Resolute* is a 210' Medium Endurance Cutter homeported in St Petersburg, Florida. The *Tampa* is a 270' Medium Endurance Cutter homeported in Portsmouth, Virginia. The *Munro* is a 418' National Security Cutter homeported in Alameda, California.



Boston, Massachusetts

US Coast Guard Cutter *Seneca* returned home to Boston after a 57-day deployment in the Caribbean Sea on January 28. Throughout the patrol, *Seneca* rescued 187 Haitian migrants, conducted countless hours of training exercises with Coast Guard Air Stations Jacksonville and Clearwater and spent several weeks as a law enforcement presence in the southern Caribbean aided by Helicopter Interdiction Tactical Squadron (HITRON) Jacksonville.

In late December the *Seneca* crew intercepted an overloaded Haitian sail freighter. Coordinating a joint response with the Turks and Caicos Royal Police, the two agencies rescued all 187 Haitian nationals from the vessel.

"I am exceptionally proud of this crew and their success and achievements," said Cmdr John Christensen, commanding officer of *Seneca*. "Over the course of the last two months they persevered through the challenges of conducting operations at sea, put aside their personal sacrifices, particularly throughout the holiday season, and displayed an unwavering commitment to serving the United States and our partner nations throughout the Caribbean Sea."

Coast Guard Cutter *Seneca* is a 270' Medium Endurance Cutter with a crew complement of 100. *Seneca* missions include counter narcotics, migrant interdiction, search and rescue and living marine resource operations from the Gulf of Maine to the Pacific Ocean. The cutter was commissioned in 1987 and is homeported in Boston, Massachusetts.



Gray Fleet

The Navy is reeling under growing criticism regarding the lack of seamanship training for ships' captains. As mentioned before, Surface Warfare Officers are given more and more responsibilities, most of which have nothing to do with sailing a ship, then, after reaching the top, they are given command. They lack the training to become even a 3rd Officer on a merchant ship.

An analogy is an insurance salesman who goes door to door, then he gets promoted to a desk job, then a department job and even a division position. Upon reaching his highest level of responsibility with flying colors, he is then made a golf professional on the PGA Tour sponsored by his insurance company.

Unfortunately, the analogy is very close to reality. Even graduates of the Naval Academy are not qualified to be the lowest officers on a tugboat. The Navy may be the slowest thing on earth when it comes to changes because "that's the way we have always done it."

The new movie *Midway*, currently making the rounds and not to be confused with the "old" movie *Midway* with Charlton Heston and a sickly love story, is equally inept historically. The movie never mentions Frank Jack Fletcher, the Officer in Tactical Command of Task Force 17 and TF 16 (run by Spruance), who led the attack on the four Japanese carriers. Naval historians simply shake their heads in disgust. Hollywood has yet to make a very accurate movie about naval battles. Failing to note Fletcher's role is akin to making a movie about the Battle of Gettysburg and not mentioning Robert E. Lee or George G. Meade. As the biographer of Fletcher, I am beyond miffed.

The Navy has been experimenting with an electromagnetic rail gun for several years. This machine generates a huge amount of electricity that can hurl a projectile several times faster than conventional weapons, however, the necessary current for firing is extremely difficult and expensive to generate.

Now the research wizards have invented a high velocity projectile (HVP) that can be fired from a standard MK 48 5" gun. The Gold Stars are yipping ecstatic because it costs only \$75,000 per round. While I cannot speak for others, isn't \$75 grand a lot of money? I have a much better idea, fire one less practice round and send me the money.

The Navy announced that they plan on deviating from their planned naming scheme in order to honor enlisted man, Dory Miller, an enlisted Mess Attendant 3rd Class who left his kitchen to man a machine gun during the attack on Pearl Harbor. He fired his weapon until out of ammunition and then boarded the *West Virginia*, assisting crew as the ship sank. He was the first African American to receive the Navy Cross, however, many believed that had he been an officer or a white man he would have received the Medal of Honor. Nevertheless, Miller's name will be on the next Ford-class aircraft carrier, *USS Dory Miller* (CVN-81). Miller was later killed in action serving on the *Liscome Bay* (CVE-56).

Already, opponents in the military are up in arms about the naming of a carrier after Petty Officer Miller. They feel that such a large craft should be named after Presidents although no one seems to note that the *Nimitz* is named after an admiral. Proponents argue that Miller was a significant person in Civil Rights.

26 – *Messing About in Boats*, April 2020



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

If you haven't paid your taxes yet you'll cry reading that the *USS Eisenhower* (CVN-69) scheduled maintenance only cost three times more than allocated and took twice as long on the hard. The Navy's excuse was that these older carriers (remember that Congress mandates 11 of them) are costlier and more demanding than expected. A Captain ranked mouthpiece used the analogy of an old classic car, it may look OK but to keep it in running condition occasionally is more expensive and more time consuming than thought. He did not say anything about the exponential speed of new technology that must be added to a carrier.

Yachts

Considering the above statement, Dr Samuel Yin, an Asian philanthropist, ordered *Sea Eagle II*, an 81 meter, three masted sloop from Royal Huisman. This yacht hits the Top 10 in yacht sizes and it is the largest yacht ever built in Asia. This little "weekender" has a plumb bow, carbon rigging, walnut bulkheads, oak decking and a 12' rudder. It features a sundeck with full flybridge and a cockpit with full bar, sofas and dining area for 12 guests. A mere 13 crew members are needed to operate this getaway. For the bored aboard, the boat comes with kayaks, tenders, scooters, jet skis and other recreational toys.

Since Santa didn't bring me a new yacht and my birthday isn't until November, I think that I'd really like to buy a used boat and there just happens to be one in Viareggio, Italy, for a measly \$2.9 million. *Veloce* is a nice 101' vessel with a 23' beam at 131 tons that can attain speeds of 38 knots. This was built in 2007 by Leopard and designed by Andrea Bacigalupo.

Vitters shipyard unveiled its newest superyacht, *Merki*, a 150' opulent vessel created by Hoek Design with an interior fashioned by Rhodes Young. The hull has a slight tumblehome for improved balance and a special keel for better upwind sailing. The sails, of which there are many, are from Doyle and Harken systems are throughout the boat. Southern Spars made unique carbon fiber rigging. *Merki* has two cockpits, one forward of the deckhouse.

Environment

Someone said "politics is the art of promoting emotionally potent simplicity." Most issues are incredibly complicated with a multitude of possible actions, each of which have both good and bad results, however, politicians and hidebound proponents can only see unproblematic answers.

Environmentalists and Native Tribes have demanded that four dams be removed from the Snake River claiming, correctly, that the dams increase water temperature because still water in the pools heats faster and easier than fast moving water and that this warming significantly impacts flora and fauna of the region. Worse, they cite the decline of wild salmon because of the dams blocking their

return to spawning grounds. Plenty of studies support this contention and 55 scientists have written support of the findings.

However, The Pacific Northwest Waterways Association studies align with the Corps of Engineers, the Bonneville Power Administration and the US Bureau of Reclamation who offer studies that indicate the removal of the dams would cost over \$2.3 billion and would eliminate hydropower, irrigation for farmers and increase truck traffic that drive over the dams. Their research shows that trucks would burn an additional five million gallons of fuel, add 23.8 million miles of travel and would increase CO₂ emissions by 1.2 million tons per year. Loss to farmers and grain elevators, dam workers and business losses would be about \$1.6 billion. Approximately 1,100 farms would probably go bankrupt.

Now go listen to the politicians on both sides of the issue. Why, the answer is easy peezy.

Mother Nature has a propensity to seek equilibrium. When the population of a species is too large, starvation balances the number. When low air pressure hits, it is followed by a high pressure system. The only real vulnerability to Mother Nature is the human race. Just think, no humans, no problems until the sun goes Nova.

The Tennessee Valley Authority is bracing for some flooding come spring. The ground is already saturated. The 41,000 square mile Tennessee basin is already above average for rainfall and just had more than double rainfall last month. The Kentucky Dam, the last one before waters leave the Tennessee River and enter the Ohio, was releasing 1.6 million gallons per second (!) to prepare for the worst. Boy, we sure could irrigate a couple of Iowa cornfields with that water.

Merchant Fleet

The tanker, *Mt Duke*, was captured by pirates and 20 crew were taken hostage. The ship, a Marshall Island flagged oiler, was sailing from Angola to Lomé, Togo, when it was overrun. Exactly how a ship 115 miles from shore was taken is unclear but it is believed that a Mother Ship was involved. Nineteen of the crew were eventually released and immediately given medical and psychological assistance. One of the crew died while a prisoner. This marks a 50% increase in pirate attacks in the last 12 months.

A fishing trawler, *Stenaca II*, discovered that fishing can be a dangerous occupation when it snagged a World War II underwater mine six miles off the coast of Normandy. Immediately Center for Surveillance and Rescue (CROSS) sent explosive experts aboard to defuse the explosive but bad weather created disturbing conditions, therefore, they marked the spot and tossed the darn thing overboard much to the chagrin of Naval and Civilian authorities.

This writer once, to his utter embarrassment while fishing with the early adolescent son, managed to catch a duck in Finland and earned him the sobriquet of World's Worst Fisherman by said son whose name is in the Will in pencil. I gladly pass this title to the crew of *Stenaca II*.

Containership *EM Oinousses* suffered an engine room fire that left the ship drifting off Mozambique. Dutch tug service, Kotug immediately sent *RT Spirit* and *RT Magic* and, despite rough seas with large swells, they were able to connect with the ship and

safely delivered it to port. The two tugs have an unusual triangular propulsion system that provides greater power.

Port of Everglades sustained a fatal injury when Sol Shipping called authorities when officials found a dead man on the dock. Evidently the man had been run over by a large piece of equipment but the situation is still under Broward County investigation. Sol annually handles about 16,000 containers, mostly melons from South America.

Per Martin Tanggaard, CEO of Nor Shipping, estimates it will cost the industry about \$1 trillion to decarbonize the fleet. Rather than moaning over the costs, he is optimistic and excited. "Yes, the sums are daunting but transition is essential. Nobody can argue with the need for a cleaner, more efficient and sustainable shipping industry." He further claimed that this is not a time of pessimism but rather a major opportunity for new solutions for forward thinking industry players.

White Fleet

MSC Cruise Lines, the mega ship operators, ordered six new big ones from their longtime ally, Chantiers de l'Atlantique, a major French shipyard. These floating resorts feature all the pleasures that someone can put aboard with restaurants, bars, shows, playgrounds, music and activities any passenger could possibly desire. The new ships will be 205,700 tons of fun for 6,771 people (approximately, how DO they arrive at these odd numbers). MSC already has 17 ships in their stable running from Miami, Tampa and New York. Can California be far behind?

Can one still take a quiet cruise where they (yes, I know "one" is singular and "they" is plural, blame the grammar Nazis vs the feminists) can take a leisurely stroll on the deck, sit on deck chairs soaking up the Caribbean sun and have a nice drink in a bar that is attuned for conversation rather than loud music, dance and crowds and simply smell the salt air?

Evidently this is not the current American lifestyle. Carnival ships include such amenities as a waterpark, a plethora of pretty pools and more poolside lounge chairs than Waikiki Beach. Disney proffers the most kid friendly areas at sea as only Disney can offer. When will we see Disney World at Sea or Epcot on the Water? Royal Caribbean manages a nine deck waterslide, three pools, a surfing pool, a teen disco and rock climbing. I am waiting for the replacement of the pools with a floating small lake on which I can sail a West Wight Potter and messabout.

The best known of all cruise ships is undoubtedly the *HMS Titanic* which continues to mesmerize people around the globe. RMS Titanic, Inc, the salvor of the wreck, announced its intention of entering the radio room on the top deck to retrieve the most famous Marconi radio equipment known. The operator, who went down with the ship, continued to send the newly initiated SOS and the often used CQD signals until he lost power. The salvor maintains that the ship is disintegrating quickly due to currents, iron-eating bacteria and saltwater corrosion.

The wreck itself is in the middle of legal wrangles after the US and UK signed a treaty to regulate tourism and salvor rights. Prior to this the site was simply governed by admiralty law and UNESCO heritage mandates. The problems arise from the parent company, Premiere Exhibitions, that salvaged over 5,500 objects from *Titanic* and put them on

a traveling exhibition, one that I personally saw is seeking bankruptcy. A judge noted that the artifacts were still in possession prior to the 2016 filing. He has approved the sale of all relics from the ship. As for the Marconi radio, God only knows.

Oasis of the Seas had another self inflicted fatality while in port in Puerto Rico when a man was seen on security video leaping overboard. Ship officials and Coast Guard immediately launched a search but was unable to discover the person. The cruise was a charter for the gay community. The victim was a 46-year-old man from Naples, Florida. Such occurrences are so frequent that they are hardly regarded as newsworthy.

History

Those in the sailing community understand the concept of the rudder, a device that is almost beyond written history. Reed boats of Egypt are among the first known craft that ran the Nile or even the shores of the Mediterranean. They used an oar to steer, usually on the right side of the vessel which was called the "Steer Board," today pronounced "starboard." Many nautical historians dismiss the steering oar as not a true rudder. They claim that the first true rudder was invented by the Chinese, was hung from the transom or on the centerline of the boat. Picky, picky.

Those Egyptian reed boats (think of *Kon Tiki*) were constructed with papyrus tree sticks woven together and bundled with ropes curling the fore and aft. Papyrus trees were aplenty along the river but they could only provide for a few months of flotation. They used a square sail. The earliest dated reed boats were about 3,200 BCE (think, before Moses).

About 1500 BCE the Phoenicians, whoever the heck they were other than folks we studied for about ten minutes in World History 101, probably perfected the first wooden cargo boat in Western Civilization. God only knows what the Chinese had created. They had square sails, bowposts and sternposts, larger sails, a steering oar, wicker around the weather deck to keep goods from falling off and had fairly decent steering.

Somewhere around 200 BCE the Chinese drawings indicate that Austronesian boats carried as many as 700 people, had true rudders and multiple masts and sails. Exactly who, what, where, why or when is unknown. But certainly these were among the greatest seaworthy cargo ships of the era.

Middle Eastern feluccas were seen around 100 BCE. Interestingly, this type of boat with its triangular sail, low freeboard, curved high bow and high stern can still be found running around the eastern Mediterranean.

From this point onward, the evolution of sailing ships drifted toward making them more effective and efficient. Through the centuries, more masts were added, longer and wider hulls were perfected, more square sails were added on top of each other, fore and aft staysails were allowed for greater windward sailing and different configurations were tried. Gigs, brigs, brigantines, frigates, caravels, galleons and a cornucopia of other ships ranged all over the world until the advent of the steamship.

Diamond Jo was one of the most popular and well known steamboat companies of the 1800s. Known for opulence, timeliness and crew excellence, their boats were a favorite on the Upper Mississippi and to this day there are bountiful restaurants, casinos, parks, etc named "Diamond Jo."

The Queen of the fleet had to be the steamer *Quincy*, Dubuque built in 1896, it was 264' long, 42' wide and carried a draft of 8' (fairly deep for the period). Two Scotch boilers provided steam to the 23" cylinders with a 8' strokes. Much of the equipment had been taken from the old *Gem City*, a common practice when steamboats had a propensity for burning up, sinking or running aground. Highly respected Captain John Killeen was her skipper on the watery Avenue of the Saints (St Louis to St Paul).

In 1906 the beauty sank near Trempealeau, Wisconsin, but was quickly raised, overhauled with western style boilers and put back into service. *Quincy* was sold to Streckfus Steamers in 1911 and was the last of the big paddle wheelers to run from St Louis to New Orleans. It was considered the "brag boat" of the company and its popularity promoted the owners to add additional rooms near the paddlewheel box.



A group of people stand on pier near the Diamond Jo line steamboat *Quincy*, sunk in 1906. It was raised and renamed the *J.S.* There are men on the boat and there is a diver standing on a ladder next to the pier.

By 1919 the *Quincy* was totally refurbished and renamed the *JS* in honor of the owner J.S. Struckfus. The boat remained the premier excursion boat on the river until the debut of the *S.S. President*. In 1939 the boat was dismantled in St Louis, however, her whistle was installed on the *Admiral* and her calliope went to the *President*. Much of her fancy work, gingerbread trim and railing survive in sundry museums and private collections. The four pipe whistle is now in the Pott Waterways collection of the St Louis Mercantile Library.

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Local: www.JGTSCA.org www.facebook.com/JGTSCA
National: www.TSCA.net

Over 40 years ago as a recent college graduate I had the good fortune to spend two years in Bermuda working as a research assistant at the Bermuda Institute of Ocean Sciences. Returning to visit Bermuda last April was a thrill and the island is as lovely as ever.

Back then I remembered seeing the Bermuda Fitted Dinghy races in St George's Harbor. The races featured a fleet of these small 14' vessels seemingly overpowered by too much sail and typically manned by a crew of six to help provide ballast. These sailing craft would fly across the water with spray flying and crew members constantly moving to trim sails, shift weight or bail water as the boats jockeyed for the lead in tight quarters.

During the recent visit my wife and I took a trip to the western end of the island to visit the Royal Navy Dockyard. The Dockyard was once a stronghold for the British Royal Navy and is a site of significant maritime history. The former naval base now is a destination port for cruise ships and some of the original buildings house the National Museum of Bermuda.

The museum has a boat loft that contains some notable Bermuda small craft including Bermuda dinghies. The dinghies date from the 1850s and were originally family boats built of native Bermuda cedar and used for local transport or fishing within the harbors and along the shoreline.



Magic is a former working Bermuda dinghy built of cedar and used by the Hayward family of St David's for turtle fishing

Over time these open dinghies were fitted out for racing with the addition of a large bowsprit, iron keel, enclosed deck and Bermuda rig featuring a large mainsail and jib. By the late 1800s the Bermuda dinghies had become an active sailing class with an annual Championship Cup Regatta featuring competition between Hamilton and St George's boats.

Bermuda Fitted Dinghies Keep Bailing and Race On!

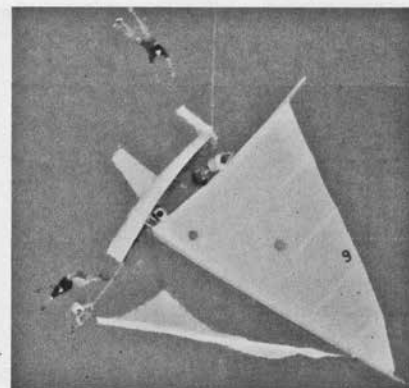
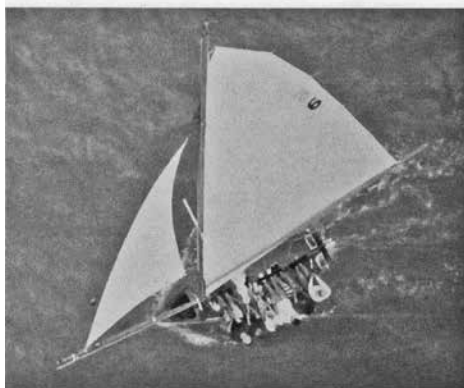
By John Hacunda



Bermuda Dinghy "Victory" built in 1885 and winner of numerous races



"Victory" under sail and manned by a crew from St. George's



Built for speed, rather than stability, sailing the Bermuda dinghy means sailing on the edge as this one crew discovered.



To Learn More

Bermuda Fitted Dinghies
<http://www.bermudastamps.co.uk/1983/07/21/bermuda-fitted-dinghies/>

Bermuda Fitted Dinghy Race
St George's, Bermuda
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d5gekBwD6yQ>

Bermuda Fitted Dinghy
Fourteen Feet--Crew of Six
<https://www.boats.com/reviews/fourteen-feet-crew-of-six/>

Elizabeth II - Bermuda Fitted Dinghy -
Racing at Hamilton, Bermuda
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gIwB3b5v_6w

National Museum of Bermuda
<https://nmb.bm/>

The Royal Navy Dockyards
<https://www.dockyardbermuda.com/about/history/>

Progress Report: Our Culler Good Little Skiff Build

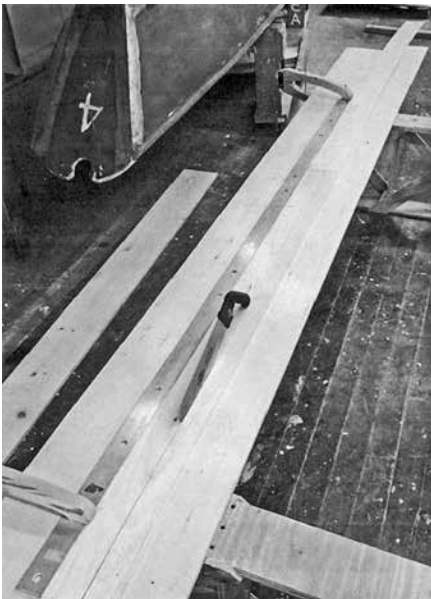
From Brian Cooper

A Planking and Spiling Exerciset

I decided to attempt spiling four planks for the GLS. Below are two pictures of 7/8" width battens on the GLS. The top picture is from a previous workday showing a lay-out for three planks. The bottom picture is Friday's version for four planks (garboard, plank #3, plank #2 and sheer plank). A spiling batten is tacked to the frame for the #3 plank.



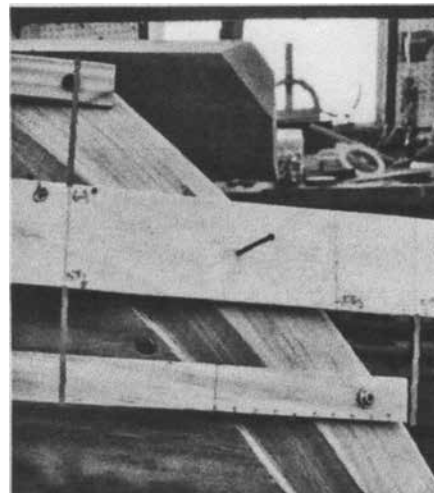
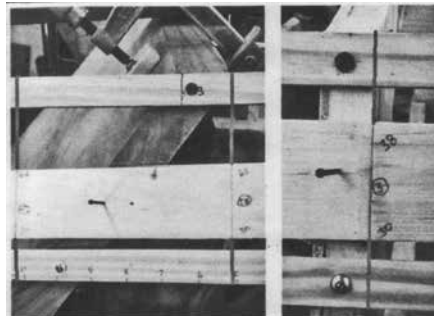
Previously I made a spiling batten 1"x4" pine board, planed to approximately 1/4" thick. This turned out to be too wide as it would not fit between the planking battens. I set up a work stand and cut the batten in two (2" and 1 1/2" widths).



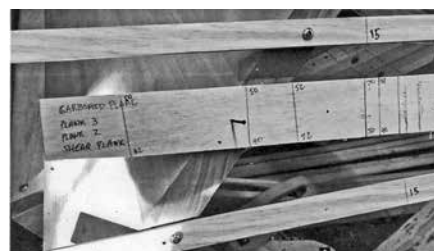
Here is a view of the spiling batten in place for the garboard plank. The top outline is the garboard plank. The bottom outline is the #3 plank. This batten shows the overlap between the two planks.



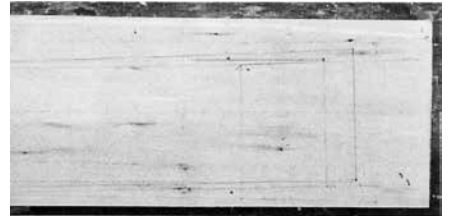
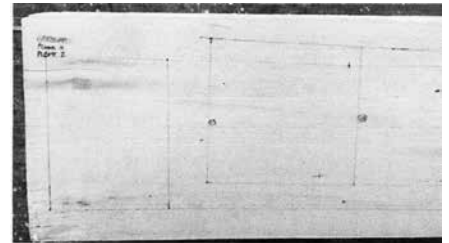
At the frames I used a ruler to mark a line on the batten at the front edge of the frame. The measured distance was marked on the batten. For the stem and the transom I marked lines in two locations (measurements are in mm) The spiling batten is 50mm width. This shows the garboard plank to be 148mm, 118mm and 167mm width at the transom, frame #3 and stem.



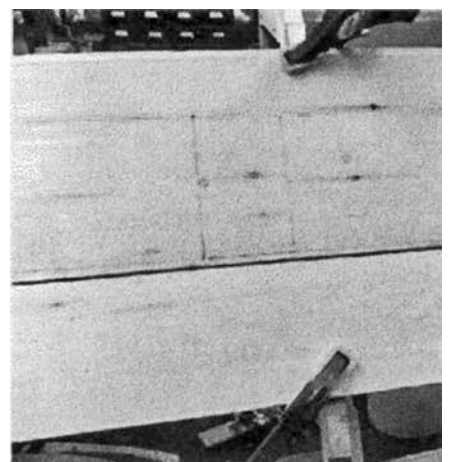
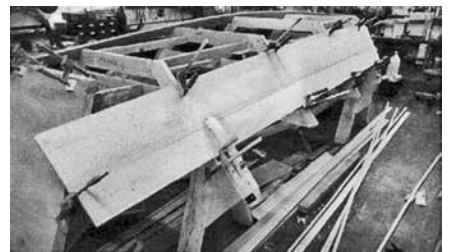
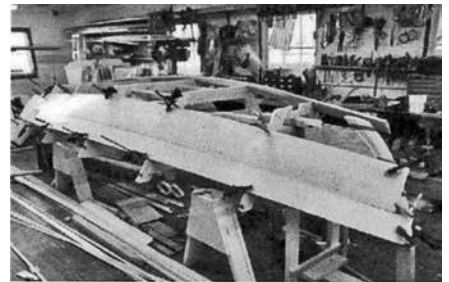
I repositioned the spiling batten to take measurements for all four planks. Here is the result at the transom for the sheer plank:



I transferred the lines to a 8 1/4" wide cedar plank (1/2" thick by 14 1/2' long). Transom on the top, stem on the bottom. You can see how the planks curve on both the top and bottom. The sheer plank was too wide to spile onto this plank. Plank #2 was too long to spile on the plank without shifting the lines (Frame #5 to stem, frame #5 to transom).



The last exercise for the day was clamp the spiling batten onto the frame at approximately where the garboard plank would end and then clamp another cedar plank about 4 1/2" wide to the frame. The planks bent along the frames and there was a slight gap between the planks in some locations. This gap would "disappear" if the planks were overlapped with each other.



On the next page are views with the spiling batten in place for the sheer plank.

(All you classic traditional boat builders out there, or wannabes, come give Brian a hand. Often on Fridays he is at Building 36 plus some Saturdays. He is reachable at cooperbd@aol.com.)



Another Build

By a JGTSCA Member

Captain Nicolas Alley got his flu shots but caught the rowing bug exercising Jim McGuire's Alden Shell. He now has assembled (well, wired together) a Chesapeake Light Craft Chester Yawl into which he plans to drop a Piantadosi rowing unit and churn up the Mystic River come spring. We wish him well and look forward to seeing this new craft visit our Small Craft Workshop.



The JGTSCA Solstice Row

It was cold! How cold was it? Ice so thick on the river they had to beat their way through it. With much effort, Phil Behney got one dory afloat. Others wisely convinced him that discretion was the better part of valor, whereupon all repaired directly to the Harp & Hound, joining participants wise enough to go there to begin with. By all reports, a good time was had by all.



At Mystic Seaport

At the Seaport Boatshop the Good Little Skiff *Waldo Howland* was getting his topsides spiffed up in preparation to celebrate the 50th anniversary of his inception at the first Small Craft Conference when Boathouse Supervisor Dawn Miller had a chip of French Gray, the Boathouse standard, fly off to reveal original bright yellow paint beneath! It seems Pete Culler preferred bright colors on his boats (see Capt Pete's quote in the appendix of Dr John Roche's book on Culler Boats). Reds, yellows and "real" greens. Dawn decided on the spot to return *Waldo* to his original livery. Yellow topsides it will be for him at the celebration at our Small Craft Workshop in June. Dawn is putting out the call to "All Good Little Skiffs" to gather for rowing and sailing in company. Perhaps others will arrive in their own bright colors.



To judge from the *Out of Gloucester* stories you published recently, I seem to have hit a bullseye sending you this book that I received when I was about ten years old and have reread every couple of years. The older I got and the more sailing experience I got, the more I appreciated the author's way of writing. He spins a good yarn!

Is it any wonder that as a lad I had to have a model schooner as a boat to sail on the Conservatory Lake in Central Park, New York City, and that I named it *Lucy Foster*?

I had always wondered who donated the money to build the Conservatory Lake in Central Park. How many parks offer children and adults a place where they can sail their boats? Was this a genius idea of Fredrick Law Olmsted, the designer of Central Park? To find an answer to my questions, I went to Google and did some research.

The answer was that it was part of Olmsted's original Central Park design layout and he adopted the idea from a Parisian Park tradition that had model boat sailing ponds. Olmsted's initial idea was to have a reflecting pool for a glass conservatory at that location but that idea was dropped in favor of making it a model boat sailing area. So that is where the name Conservatory Lake originated.

Thank you Mr Olmsted for providing me and so many others with many hours of enjoyment sailing my Boucher schooner, my custom made mahogany sloop, my Putt-Putt boats and my rubber band powered submarines which I learned to build from someone at the Conservatory Lake whose sub would go 50' until the periscope was underwater, cross most of the pond submerged and then, as its speed decreased, gradually surface again and keep going until it reached the far wall.

He gave me the instructions on how to build it, how to ballast it so that it just floated with deck almost awash, how to make diving planes from tin cans, how to make the propeller and propeller strut and how to install the hardware.

I used the only piece of wood I could find, $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick x 3" wide x 36" long. I cut a submarine shape in the plank, planed the bow to a pointy end, added a conning tower, fore and aft diving planes, a rudder and the propeller assembly. To ballast the sub so it barely floated, with deck barely above water, I chiseled out a cavity on the bottom, melted lead and made a ballast slug that I then had to trim to get the weight right and to find the proper longitudinal location so that the sub deck was parallel to the water surface with diving planes and propeller attached.

Fine trim was done using plumber's wire solder. I drilled a suitably sized hole in the bottom and glued in the trim weight. To find the proper location for the trim weight, I put the cut piece of solder on the sub deck while in the bathtub and moved it fore or aft until I achieved the sub deck level I wanted.

I would have liked to have made longer subs because the longer the rubber band motor that powers it, the more energy it can store and that gives the sub greater range. That was an impossibility for me because to ballast the sub properly I had to make floating trials in the bathtub. So bathtub length determined how long I could make my sub.

With the sub completed and painted, the next problem was to make trial runs to adjust the angle of the diving planes properly. The aim was to have the sub submerged very slowly, travel underwater and then, as the thrust of the propeller decreased, the sub

Of Lucy Foster and Model Submarines

By Connie Benneck

would slow down, water pressure on the diving planes would decrease and the sub would slowly rise to the surface again.

I was a member at the YMCA on 63rd street near Central Park. We learned to swim in their swimming pool and learned wood and metalworking with the help of their instructors in their wonderful workshop. Now that swimming pool was an ideal spot for making test dives of my sub, wasn't it? The pool was 50' long. The end with the diving board was the deep end and the other end was shallow. I found a friendly ear among the pool lifeguards and was then allowed to make test runs of my subs there when nobody was swimming.

At that time, my submarine manufacturing was an ongoing operation. These were not standardized production models. Each was slightly different depending on the materials I could find, maybe I could make diving planes and the propeller out of some sheet brass material but the usual material was cut from a flattened tin can, diving plane dimensions were variable, ballast trim varied from sub to sub so each new sub presented a new group of variables that had to be adjusted to make it work properly.

Problems encountered were:

Diving planes initially were set too steeply. Sub dove to the bottom of the Conservatory Lake, the bow caught fallen leaves lying there and buoyancy was not enough to release it and get it back to the surface. So I went home minus sub and built another.

Sub ran out of power (propeller turning too fast) so that it was now floating out there in the middle of the Conservatory Lake. I had no way to retrieve it so I went home minus sub and built another. Lesson learned. I wanted maximum range, not speed. The slower the prop turned, the greater the range. I learned to use fewer rubber bands and made the prop diameter larger with greater blade pitch.

With each sub built and lost, I learned something new. Finally my properly adjusted sub would slowly submerge to periscope depth, travel a long way at that depth and reach the opposite Conservatory Lake concrete wall still submerged as the propeller very gradually came to a stop and the sub then floated to the surface. I'd rewind the rubber strands and send it back across the lake again to the amazement of adult onlookers.

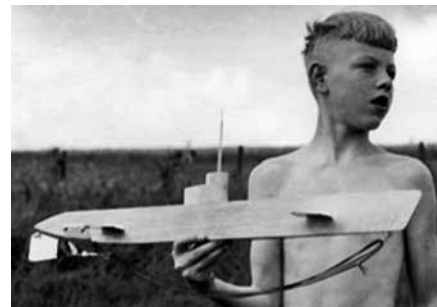
The Conservatory Lake had a low rounded lake edge where I could comfortably kneel to put the sub into the water or turn it around and send it back the other way.

These model subs of mine later in life were operated in the model boat lake in Paris, at the Chiemsee in Germany, in the Adriatic and Med, in New England waters and on numerous lakes in Germany where we paddled our Klepper Faltboot. The last ones I built were all painted yellow, after hearing the Beatles song "We All Live in a Yellow Submarine" repeatedly as we sailed down the English Channel heading for Le Havre. That color made it easy to visually follow the submarine as it cruised underwater.

In Le Havre, France, they had a large, square, model boat lake that was about 3' above ground at a park in the middle of the

city. The breezes from the English Channel made it ideal for model sailboats. That was a great idea. Instead of my looking down on my model sailboat, it was almost sailing at eye level, great for the smaller children. When we found this out my son and I stood there for a long time watching the activity and his comment was, "where's our *Lucy Foster*, she would have a great romp sailing among the French sailboats." She has also sailed in a model boat lake at a Paris park, in Yugoslavia, in the Adriatic and the Med, on the Chiemsee in Germany and at West Harbor, Fisher's Island, New York.

My cousin in Luxembourg just sent me this photo and asked about how I made my submarine. Here is a small photo of the finished product. It's the only photo I have and this sub had a short life.



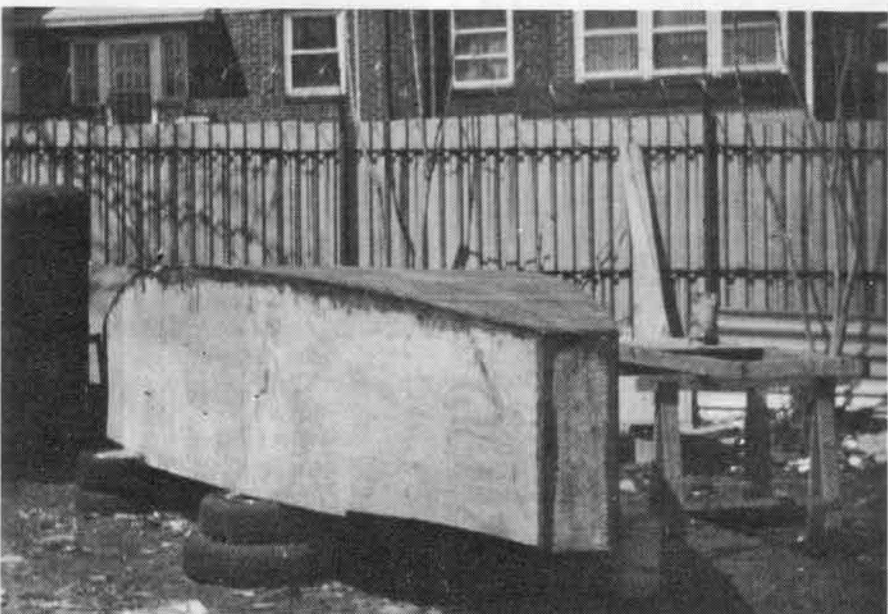
I had made it for my nephew, who is holding it, when we lived in Koeln, Germany. The photo was taken at a local lake where we were paddling our Foldboat. I wound up the rubber motor and put the sub in the water. The sub submerged and went cruising underwater. It never reappeared.

There were a lot of foldboats out on the lake that afternoon. I assume that it came to the surface next to someone in a foldboat (in Germany a foldboat is called the apartment yacht, it folds up into a long duffel bag for the longitudinal pieces and paddles and into a knapsack that hold the frames, seats and the skin). I assume he "rescued" the submarine and quickly let it disappear under his deck. We returned home later that evening minus our newly built submarine.

My cousin asked for details, do I have a drawing? Do I remember this submarine? Did I build it myself? Was it built out of plywood or was it made of balsa? Did I paint it? What kind of rubber strands did I use as a motor? Why was the rubber hanging so loosely under the boat (the longer the rubber strands the more energy that could be stored when the "motor" was wound up. More energy meant a greater cruising distance.



25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



Inner City "Martha Jane"

By John Sherrill

Originally, I'd wanted to build "Otter II", but Phil Bolger discouraged me. He wrote me that the boats weren't really any good. That was too bad, since I'd already spent a cold autumn dreaming about a boat that I could build quick and cheap and now, that boat was no good. I thought about his Centennial, but I knew that I wouldn't be happy with the cabin as it was designed, and I really don't like making significant changes to plans.

Mr. Bolger had written me a really nice letter, and suggested that I send \$10 to Common Sense Designs, and he also suggested I look at "Martha Jane" or "Birdwatcher". I was desolate, I'd looked at the line drawings of "Otter" and "Otter II" for a few years, and I'd already worked through how to build them. Well, I sent Bernie the money. It took me two weeks to decide on "Martha Jane". The finalists were "Long Micro", or "Martha Jane". "Birdwatcher" is, after all, an open boat, and although I could see great virtue in her lines, in the end it was too weird even for me, and I wanted something with a cabin. I wanted a cruising boat.

"Martha Jane" looked easy enough. Three years ago I built a quick and dirty lug rigged "Windsprint" from plans in *Build The New Instant Boats*. The "Windsprint" was very easy to build, and except for the sail, cheap. I went sailing two weeks after I cut the side panels, and it took this long only because it had rained for four days while I was building it. "Martha Jane" looked as simple as the "Windsprint", just bigger with more parts, and I figured about four months of work and I would be in the water. I started building her in the first week of February.

Building anything in New York City is a problem because of space. The best place to look is in the outer boroughs. I don't know the situation in the Bronx, but I imagine that there is a great deal of cheap space there. There is suitable indoor space available in Long Island City in Queens, for \$400 a month, but I was lucky and found a place in a junkyard in back of a garage for \$200. The only reason that the owner permitted me such a deal was that they were all big sports fishermen, and he loves boats and has a 100 ton license.

It was a good deal. I had 24 hour access, electricity, and a place to lock up my tools, although putting up any kind of shelter would have been pushing it. "Martha Jane" is probably the biggest boat you can build in New York City without spending a fortune. Don't even think about working in a boat yard. No one here would permit a thing like that. If you have a car, you could build in New Jersey, but that would be too far to go. If you do live here in New York City and you do want to build a boat, there are backyards and lots where you can work, but it ain't easy.

From the top: Afloat at last on the urban waterfront. Two views of early hull construction, with curious junkyard car looking on and handy indigenous tires put to good use.

Finding space was the hardest, most time consuming part of building this boat. People who wanted \$600 a month for a concrete slab out near the airport turned me away when I told them that the project was a boat. It was an amazing experience in a city where usually all you have to do is wave cash at someone and you get what you want.

"Martha Jane" is a snap to put together. It took a month of part time work to get up the hull, and then I learned the hard part about boat building, that is, if you order materials via 1-800, then it takes 9-10 days for things to cross this great nation of ours, time wasted while I waited for a delivery. If you're like me, then you're not very good at anticipating your materials needs. My rent was \$200 a month, free delivery cost too much. I had to order everything 2nd day delivery, paying the extra money is worth it in the time not wasted.

Sunny days were rare this last year, with 17 winter storms and torrential spring rains. I lost enough time with the weather not to want to waste any more waiting on the mail. There is a marine store in Manhattan where I could get most of my hardware, blocks and cordage. I'm not very good at finding what I need in a catalogue. I always get the wrong size and quantity. I like to see the stuff I'm buying, I like to know it will fit.

I made the molds out of 1"x 3" and scrap plywood. The hull pieces wrapped right around, laying against the few bevels, cut by skill saw at a close guess. Bolger boats can, in my experience, stand a great deal of approximate cutting and still turn out reasonably good. If all you have are hand tools and hand power tools, you can build "Martha Jane". As it was still winter when I was cutting and assembling "Martha Jane's" hull, I couldn't get out my table saw and use it, it was just too heavy to lug in and out of the shed every day, so all the early work on the hull was done with a skill saw and a guess.

Later, after the hull was turned over, I used the table mostly to rip down fir 2"x 4"'s for the hull framing and stringers, but I could have just as easily used dimensional lumber, as I did for the chines. It took six sheets of plywood for the sides, two for the bulkheads, bow and transom, and a whopping twelve sheets for the bottom. In all, it took 29 sheets of 1/2" 5-ply AC fir, and one sheet of 3/8" ply for the deck. The interior tank tops took four sheets, the leeboards took four sheets.

I don't know how you could build it to plans and save much more plywood than I did. I don't really have a lot of scrap left over. I suppose, that you could patch together pieces on the leeboards and the bottom, but then it would have to be epoxy filled, and that would cost something too, and in the end you would have saved, at the most, three or four sheets of ply, and made the boat that much weaker in places. There is no sheet use diagram, and making one up would be a waste of time. The shapes are obvious, and you will see when you lay them out how much you'll be able to get out of a sheet then and there. I cannot say enough about how simple layout and assembly is.

I'd thought that after I turned her over, she would finish out quickly, but it was

here that I got bogged down. I guess that in everyone's project, there is a point where things slow down, where the question of "What next?" means a hundred small tasks before a simple one can be accomplished.

There were times when I would expend great effort to accomplish something, only to realize that I'd made it difficult when I finished. It was hot and wet, and there seemed always a million things to do before I could get ready to do something as simple as nail down a stringer.

Building was at no time hard, everything was clear and direct and simple, and really there weren't that many parts, it was just that building her outside, there were too many rainy days. By now, it was mid June, past the four months I'd thought in the beginning, and I was just getting the cockpits closed up after having the pieces for them ready for months. One of the dubious benefits of so much rain was that I could take so much time with the layout, since in a light drizzle you can still measure and mark and cut. Pieces were ready for months before they were ready to be epoxied into place or laminated together. The soggy weather also rewarded me with the miracle of the curved transom. The piece of 2"x 4" that framed the plywood across the bottom curved inward on each end 3/8". It's just enough curve to be visible when the boat is upside down.

People from all over the world come to New York, and many of them it seems, wind up in my junkyard, looking for cheap auto parts. Greeks, Arabs, Pakistanis, Colombians, Peruvians, Chileans, Maltese, Poles, and Russians have all had a chance to compare American epoxy technology with their own boat building traditions.

A Colombian gentleman thought the flat bottom was strictly "como los indios" for crawling up rivers. He kept saying what a nice fish barge it would be, and was very impressed with the cockpit, which is considered large and complex for a canoe.

The Greeks see the flat bottom as a definite disadvantage. On some of their islands, they careen their boats at low tide, wipe the bottom with kerosene, light it, and so get rid of the bottom growth. This would be very hard to do with a boat that sits flat on the bottom. Now, while I'm all for anything that cuts down on the amount of bottom sanding you have to do, I think igniting my boat is a bit extreme for the Sound. Don't give these guys an inflatable.

A Saturday morning group of Peruvians searching for Chevy parts told me about square bowed boats used for egg snatching in the rough water off cliffs. They wanted to know if I intended to go egg snatching, and why was the boat so light if I was just going to go and bash around on rocks?

The Maltese call "Martha Jane" "the mouse". When I'd put the hatch slides on the deck, they said, "Look, the mouse has ears." One stringy guy, Arthur, walked up to me, looked at the boat and said, "So which one is it you're going to, Venus or Mars?" He came back a few weeks later, after I had jacked her up about three feet in the air, bow skyward. He snuck up behind me this time. "Doesn't the angle need to be higher for lift off?"

By late August, after I'd put to rest all

those nasty rumors about me being a confused Cuban balsero, the decks went on, and everything was going into its second coat of epoxy. Over Labor Day, my wife and I melted down the 60lbs of lead for the leeboards. I have never been happier with the whole water ballast thing than when I was stoking the scrap wood fire and trying to melt that lead. The thought of casting a keel that weighed hundreds of pounds left me weary. The lead in the leeboards was enough.

It was, again, simple. I tried to use a propane camp stove, but that didn't generate enough heat, and in the end, used a cast iron pot over a fire. We tried a big enamel lobster pot aluminum thing, but that couldn't hold the heat well enough to melt the lead, so we switched to the cast iron kettle, and after an hour over the fire we were able to melt and pour. You need two things to melt lead; a hot fire and a pot that will hold heat. Aluminum pots are no good unless you want to spend hours stoking the flames for enough heat.

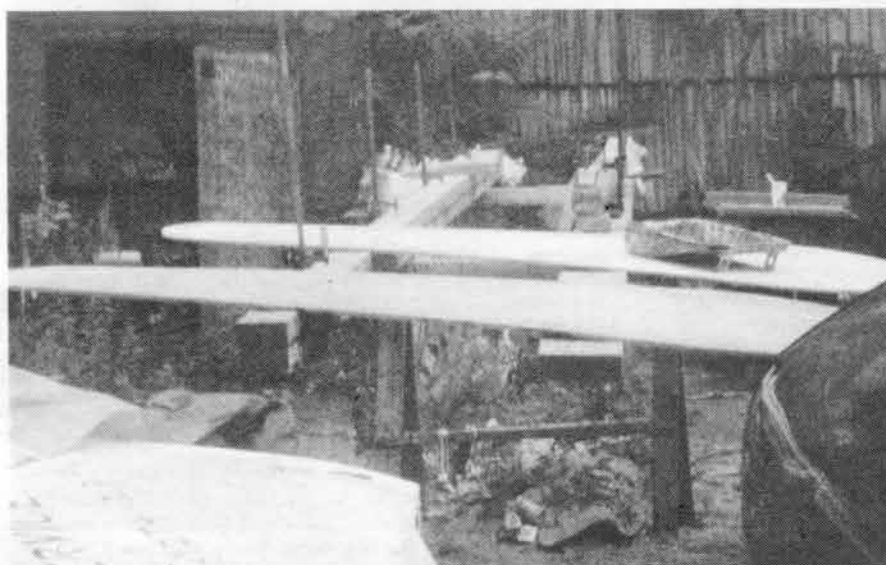
My version of "Martha Jane" is an epoxy intense boat. I used 10 gallons of resin, 5 gallons of hardeners #1 and #2, 2 gallons of the glue, and 3 gallons of primer. I've been told that this is a lot of epoxy to use. But every joint has a fillet, everything has three coats, everything is filled, and she looks nice, she feels strong.

I fiberglassed the bottom, but not the topsides or deck. Some things I've read say fiberglass is no good for wood, and they recommend some exotic (to me) covering. In the end, I decided not to fiberglass any more based on the fact that the glass would not add much strength, that it's a lot of sanding, and that you seem to always see the weave through the paint. I don't mind the idea of painting the hull every few years as fissure cracks appear in the ply. Would they be there, but unseen under glass? Nobody will ever mistake a "Martha Jane" for a production boat, and a bit of wood grain showing through is alright. After all, she is a wooden boat.

I made the mainmast out of a piece of Douglas fir 3"x 12" laminated together. That chunk of wood, picked so as to miss all the big, loose knots, cost me \$100 and the white fir, (or piss pine as I've heard it's called) which made the rest of the spars, cost another \$100. The white fir I bought came in long lengths, was clear, and is very light. If I'd bought the same quantity of Sitka spruce, it would have cost \$700 for the mainmast alone.

"Martha Jane" should be an inexpensive boat, and it should be able to get by with inexpensive materials. There is every argument in favor of using Sitka spruce; it's light and strong and has no equal for superior spars. On the other hand, people must have used something before Alaska was discovered and the lumber industry set up there, so I found a book where the author thought fir spars were good enough and I choose to believe him.

I'm not really very knowledgeable about the dynamics of sail, I never knew what a parabolic curve was before a few months ago, but the mainmast on "Martha Jane" is 5" thick through the most part, and only 20" tall, so it seemed (common sense) that the main demand of this spar was that it be a big chunk of lumber. To



test it, I rested the shaped mast, head and foot, on a pair of cinder blocks and walked up and down all four sides, and it flexed but did not break or crack, so I think I got my mainmast for \$100 plus \$10 worth of glue.

Another problem was trying to find 1-1/2" stainless steel pipe for the rudder post. Canal Street used to have shops that sold all manner of metal scraps and pieces. In the past I'd gone down there for any bits I might need, and I was always successful. Things have changed, and those stores are gone, replaced by an uncountable number of Chinese shops selling cheap stereos and imitation watches.

Scrap dealers were no help, they wanted to know how many tons of steel I wanted. Neither the plumbing supply or the auto parts store had any such things as pipe or 1/4" steel plates. But, we had an old curtain rod of 1-1/2" fir, 15' long. A section from that finally made the rudder post and the mizzen boom. The dowel section went into a piece of copper pipe, to stiffen it, and so far, it works fine.

I had imagined that the rudder assembly would be harder to put together and to fit than it was. On the plans, the radius is given from a part of the rudder assembly, not from the edge of the rudder. This you must scale off yourself, and that was my mistake. At first, I made the rudder too long. Better than making it too short. I had to cut 7-3/8" for it to fit in the hole and lift like it was supposed to. The tiller must arch 180° if the rudder and plate are to be lifted. It won't lift out completely with the outboard in the raised position, but handles fine under sail with a piece of shock cord to keep it down.

The drawings show hand holds, pulls, cut into the rudder plate's flange. I was looking for a way to raise it, and keep it up in the position I wanted, so instead of hand holds, I screwed down a piece of wood one third of the way down on the flanges, drilled a hole in the center, and ran a lanyard through it that can make off, keeping the rudder in a raised position for its intended purpose of thin water sailing, and saving me the trouble of having to reach over and lift the sodden thing. In all, it took a day to fit the rudder.

I wanted weather boards, and I think that I complicated the hatch unduly, but it works and it's tight and strong. The plans were great, you got what you paid for. How many times have you looked at a boat that you like, ordered the plans, only to find that it's a lot of little pieces, and the plans are rude, not to scale, amateur things with all kinds of weird, Rube Goldberg ideas on how to construct the boat? I had that experience with a famous catamaran, which had some fifty pages of scrawly descriptions of that would do credit to a child.

The plans from Common Sense Designs were detailed, to scale, they included a construction key, and any questions I had, Bernie Wolfard was kind enough to answer with patience. He's keen on seeing that these boats get built. There's nothing weird about the building, just straight carpentry.

From the top: Interior work underway. Outside workbench in summer, leeboard panels and spars sharing space over time.

Looking back now, I can't imagine where all the time went, but from my calendar, I can safely say that of the eight months I spent building "Martha Jane", three were lost to the weather, and the rest were lost to painting. "Martha Jane" is a lot of boat to paint. Somewhere between the first and last coats, you'll begin to believe that the plywood part that you've just finished, is nothing but a frame to hang paint and epoxy from. If I had a shed to build her in, someplace where she could always be kept dry, then I think five months at 25 hours a week would get her built. Even if you cover your project with tarps, outside is still outside, and it's easy to make a mess of thing with all the mud and the damp around. All you need is one wet corner to ruin your epoxy project for that day.

As for the goo itself, I learned that you should always mix epoxy in small batches. I came to favor the 3oz dosage cups that System Three sells. The 1oz cups are too small for me, and once the epoxy is in them, the measuring lines are obscured, so it takes twice as many. The smallest batch of resin I could mix accurately was 20ml, of the glue, 10ml. The largest batch I would mix (now) is four resin, two hardener, and 60ml of glue. I used #2 resin throughout the summer, since once the wood got dry, I wanted it to cure before it rained again. The only time I had trouble with it setting up too quick was when I made large batches of fillet. I came to favor fillets made from wood flour. It didn't finish as smooth as colloidal silicate and fiberglass powder, but it was easier to mix.

I spent \$150 to give "Martha Jane" the deluxe rig. I bought a double block for the masthead, a single and a single with becket for the main sheet, and two singles for the mizzen. The two most expensive items were cast stainless steel hinges for the rudder, and the double block. You could just heave the halyards up through a \$3 galvanized eye and save money, but why not make life easy? You don't have to buy any rigging wire or any turnbuckles, there are no winches. I put an eye with a thimble, and a shackle to a U-bolt for the main throat halyard, but you could maybe get away with a U-bolt and a bowline. I just like making splices and whipping, in the evening, sitting in front of the electric fire.

Having a homemade boat will also lead to complications in finding a slip, since there's probably not a marina or a yard on this end of Long Island Sound that hasn't been stuck with an old wooden boat or two, unpaid bills, sprung planks and all. The minute you tell them that it's a wooden boat, they freak, and start saying no to everything. I was again in luck and was able to join a nice boat club near my apartment, but again it was sheer luck.

I feel that the decision to build a boat was the right thing to do. I could have bought a used boat for the money spent, and had an old boat, and all of the problems that entails. "Martha Jane" cost me \$2.50/lb. to build, ready to cruise. This is about as cheap as boat can get. For example, I priced the "Sea Bird" yawl at \$4.50/lb. For one third the price of a new "Hunter 19", or one of those boats whose brand name start with "C", I've got a nice new boat that does what I want, and looks

like nothing else on the Sound. For a new boat, it's a bargain, the best one around, and it didn't take me years to build it, just a few months.

I put about 25-30 hours a week into "Martha Jane", about 1,000 hours in all. You can put in twice that much time if you're fussy about the finish, but I don't see why, if what you want to do is go sailing. Since with all the running up on beaches and tight spots she'll get into, a nice finish will be trashed in no time with me at the tiller. Creation is a labor of toil, so I stay away from anything that involves hours with triple grit sandpaper. I don't want to toil any more than I have to. Just clean up the drools, make it even and go sailing. Soon, all of your questions about lee-boards will be answered.

As a project, I would have to say that building "Martha Jane" rates an A+. She is quick and easy to build, and takes a minimum of tools. Two tools I bought that were very useful were a power plane, and a random orbital sander, both on the frustrated recommendation of Bernie Wolfard. They weren't in the "have to have it" department of tools, but they were nice, and they speeded up the finishing and the spar making a great deal. If I had my choice of only one sanding tool to own, it would be the random orbital sander. With a #60 pad, there's not much that will stand up to it, and it took most of the frustration out of sanding epoxy for me. The pad is soft, and can clean a corner fillet in minutes. With a #120 pad, it can clean the drools from unthinned System Three primer, which is very tough stuff to sand.

The great expense was the outfitting. Marine equipment is expensive, and

although Bolger keeps the hardware to a minimum, you'll still have to buy anchors and chains, a porta potty and maybe an outboard. All of these things will cost, and the fewer you need, the cheaper it will be.

"Martha Jane" is not an expensive boat to trick out. We're using camping pads and sleeping bags, and the cheap flotation cushions. Life jackets are not too expensive, flares are a bit pricey but in the affordable range. A fire extinguisher is a must. There is enough plywood left over to build shelves down below. I put two shelves with fids in the back, port and starboard, just forward of the hatch. There is one on the forward bulkhead between the ports. That's all the cabin furniture that you need.

All in all, counting the building of the boat, the membership at the boat club, rent, sails and equipment, "Martha Jane" cost \$8,000. The boat proper, without sails, cost \$4,000. I saw in *Soundings* where the Landing Boatshop is offering a 26' sloop for \$50,000, a brand new Hunter 19 costs \$11,000, and "Martha Jane" sails as well as any of these boats, I'm sure.

If you can build it in your back yard, you can knock down the price a great deal. If you already have a lot of gear, then you come down even lower, and if you have a town mooring, then you've hit big casino, at least here. There is also the fact that plywood and lumber cost less in many parts of the country than they do in Queens. You could use cheaper plywood, maybe A-C underlayment, but however you do it, "Martha Jane" is a very cheap boat for her size. The thing that's so surprising is how pretty she is, and how beautifully she sails.

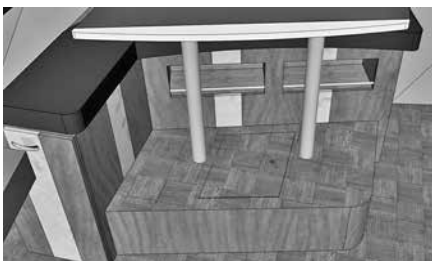
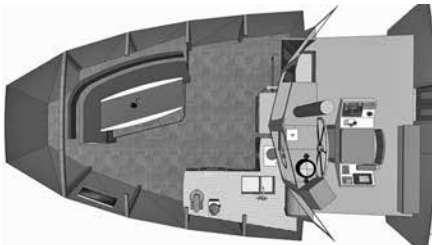
Almost ready.



Island Pieces: Cubbyholes

Sitting low in a boat and not being able to see out of one's portholes can be depressing. I prefer a view of the horizon instead. The purpose of *Helge's* island/dinette is to elevate one's eyes to the level of the portholes.

As with most of *Helge's* projects, the island is a component unto itself. Building in this fashion allows for easy replacement or modification. The island has two cubbyholes that are designed around media storage.



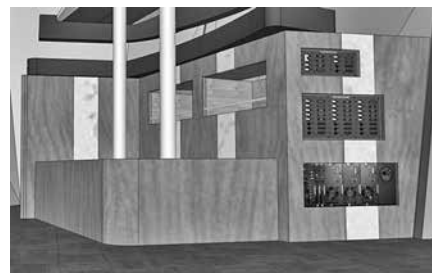
The Building of *Helge* A George Buehler Diesel Duck Part 8

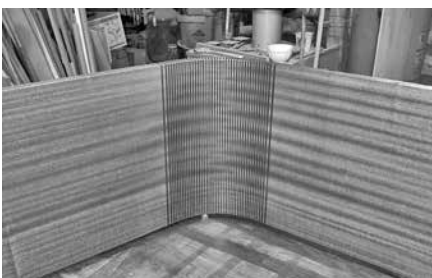
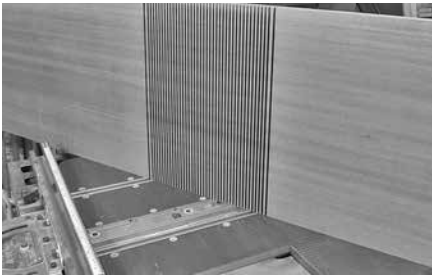
Wendell Gallagher is building a Buehler Diesel Duck 38. He had the steel hull built at a yard and trucked to his home and is doing the rest himself.



Island Pieces: Support

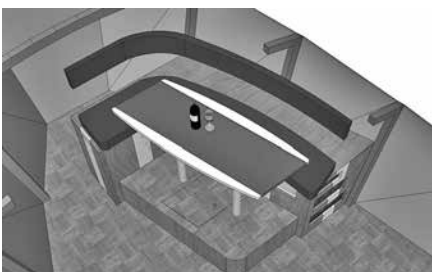
The island's platform is supported by a single piece of 14" wide ribbon stripe. The kerfs are filled with thickened epoxy. The finished board is amazingly rigid.



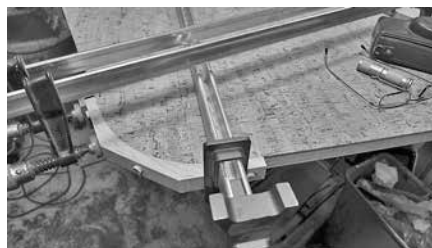


Island Pieces: Platform

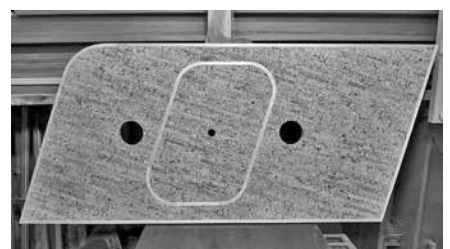
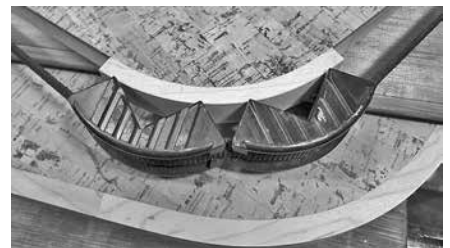
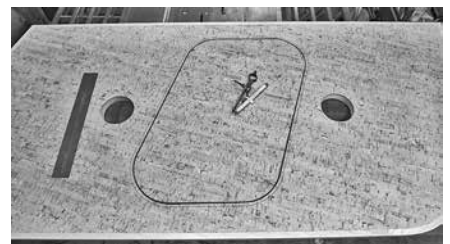
The island's platform is fitted with cork flooring. I cut a hatch in its center for storage access.



I am no longer using Titebond's contact adhesive. Their new green friendly formula reacts with Ship'n Shore solvents. This piece was glued with the old formula. I'm now using Weldwood with good results.



The trim is attached with Miller dowels and glue. The dowels are hammered into place like nails. The specially tapered bit tends to drift when drilling freehand. Pilot holes and practice are a must.



Helge's Lello ice cream maker fits nicely through the hatch.



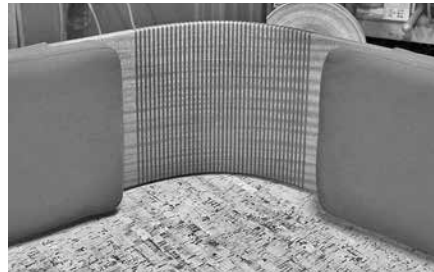
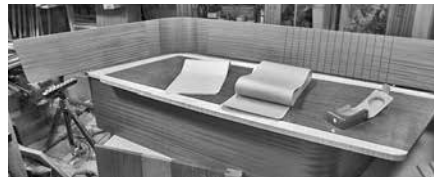
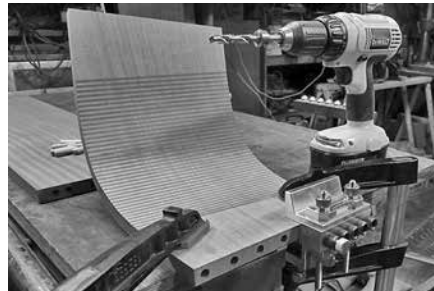
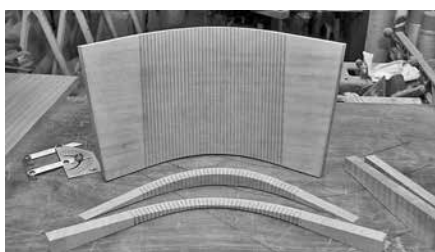
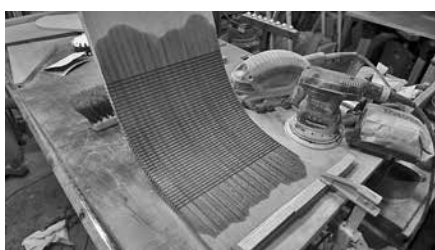
Island Pieces: Access

Access to the island's interior is through a small door located in the forward most panel. The cherry door is mostly decorative. Anything stored inside will be securely battened down.



Island Pieces: Seat Back

The land's seat back has a kerfed compound curve. The seat back angle is 10°. Forest Green Sunbrella cushions are attached with nickel snaps.



Percy Blandford described his PBK 56 Kayak design as a “single seat plywood skinned canoe,” giving it the name “Gannet” after the large, strong and handsome seabird. It’s 11’ long with a beam of 27”. My guess is that he designed it sometime in the 1950s when plywood was becoming more easily available in post WWII England. It was featured in his 1962 book, *Canoes and Canoeing*. The design may have proved to be a popular alternative to his earlier fabric covered PBK 10 of approximately the same dimensions that was described in a 1953 publication. Certainly the newer “Gannet” was popular enough to be pictured on the dust jacket of his 1966 book, *Build Your Own Boat*.

I read about the PBK 56 in *Canoes and Canoeing* just after being discharged from the Army in 1970. I wanted to build a two seater kayak that would replace the very heavy 16’ “Little Beaver,” a *Popular Mechanics* two seater I’d made in an Army craft shop. That boat had paddled satisfactorily but proved to be too heavy to transport comfortably.

My father and I built the lightweight “Kittiwake” canvas covered two seater described in *Canoes and Canoeing* and went on to build several more of Blandford’s canvas covered designs. The description and photographs of the plywood PBK 56, however, stuck in my mind for years. I simply liked the retro traditional look. More recently, I appreciated the fact that it would not require the use of fiberglass and epoxy for the seams, something from which I needed a vacation. In addition, the boat’s reasonable rocker and flat bottom suggested that it could be an ideal boat for a guy in his 70s. So, about 40 years later I began building the PBK 56.

I hit a snag with frame placement on the strongback. That problem, along with life complications, resulted in my putting the project aside for ten years. Nevertheless, during that period I built several other boats and finally burst through my procrastination to begin working furiously on the boat until it was finished. During the process it began to look much better than expected. In fact, my partner liked it so much she insisted that I go all out for expensive South American mahogany for the coaming and rub rails. I am glad I did. That mahogany added considerably to its good looks.

The building plans included a drawing of a lugsail designed for downwind sailing. The entire rig looked straightforward enough to make, but after all the work I’d put into building the boat itself I knew I needed a professionally made sail to go with it. Years before I’d gotten a sail made by Gambell and Hunter for my Bolger-designed Windsprint. That sail was exceptional so I called Gambell and Hunter, not knowing if they would even want to bother with such a tiny sail. Grant Gambell answered the phone. What a pleasant surprise. I had spoken to Grant 25 years before about my Windsprint sail and not since. Just as before, he was quite cordial and was soon treating me as if I were presenting him with a million dollar project. The end result was a beautiful sail complete with a custom-made bag for sail and spars.

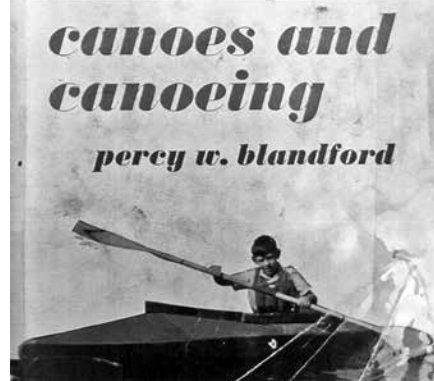
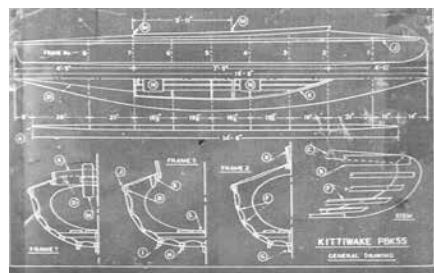
Regardless of a sail’s appearance, however, the true test is how well it performs. That sail and my new boat turned out to be soulmates. It worked so perfectly as a downwind sail, I experimented tacking with it. Much to my surprise, I could steer with a small, old-fashioned style short single blade wood paddle and tack to my heart’s content.

Percy Blandford’s PBK 56 Kayak

By Arthur Strock

The PBK 56 “Gannet” design is alive and well. After over 60 years the plans are still available, now from www.clarkcraft.com, for \$30 plus shipping. Seems to me that’s a bargain considering the plans include full size frame templates, sail and sailing gear drawings, detailed construction drawings, as well as drawings for making accessories such as a seat back, trolley, paddle, etc.

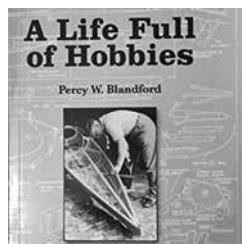
If you are interested in this boat, or any of the other Blandford designs, just email me at arthurstrock@comcast.net. Or, if you end up anywhere near northern New Jersey, drop by for a chat and a cup of English Lifeboat Tea. I look forward to hearing from you.



A favorite book and an inspiration.



Grandkids are a diversion from building.



Frames on strongback.



Gunwales, hog and floorboards installed.



Tyvek serves as great templates for boat panels to prevent plywood waste.



Sides are on. (A Gavin Atkin Micromouse is in the background to the right.)



Looking smart with sides and bottom on.



Cockpit coaming frame gets a lamination to provide needed strengthening.



Looking smart, ready for deck, inside of hull and deck pieces need to be varnished before permanent assembly, top quality varnish to avoid the bother of epoxy on a boat that will never be kept in the water after use.



A flush cut pull saw comes to the rescue to avoid splintering the edges of $\frac{3}{16}$ " okoume marine plywood.



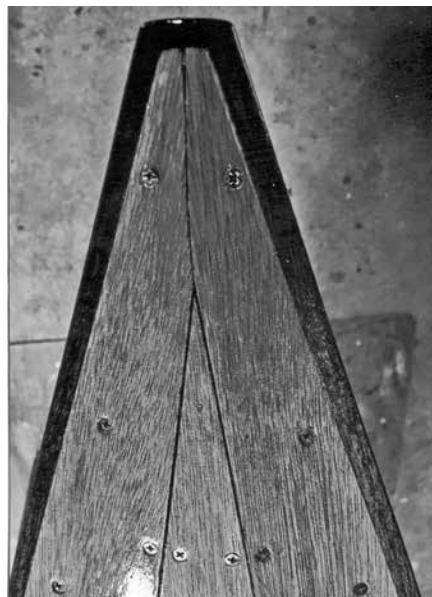
Masking tape does its job to avoid the almost impossible to remove stain of wood glue.



It's not a kit boat so pieces have to be cut and fitted carefully.



The keels add to the boat's already amazing strength and rigidity.



A proud moment looking at the aft deck.



PBK 56 with its stablemate, the Dennis Davis-designed DD25.



Looking good outside the shop.



Pure comfort.



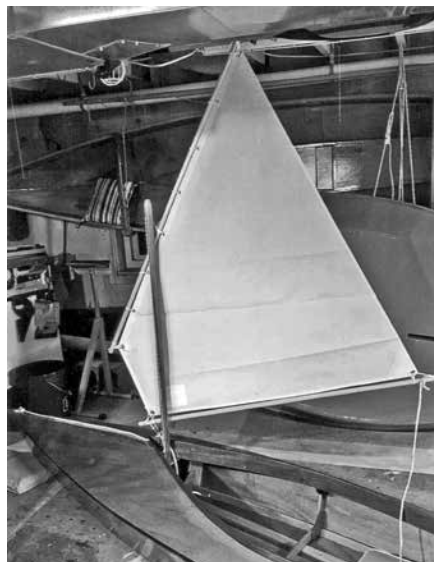
Sits in the water just as designed.



Sure is a delight to paddle.



Time to get a sail.





Well now, doesn't that look sweet.



And that sail works wonders.



Talk about heartfelt satisfaction on the water.





To those of you who are seeing our magazine for the first time as a free sample issue:

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This sample issue is #740 since May of 1983. We've been around for 37 years and plan to be around for many more.



No need to send in any order form (there isn't any). Mail your check for either choice payable to Messing About in Boats, at 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-01943 with a note including your mailing address. That'll do it.

Thank you, Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher



It's always hard to take something apart that I've built, even when I know that the next step will be to put it back together again, and even though I know it was temporary to begin with. As I mentioned in Part XXXIV, "At this point, they're put together with Gorilla tape, which I did first to be sure they'd fit the longitudinal frames." For one thing, laths are, to one degree or another, all different as to dimensions. They have lots of advantages, are easy to work with and carry and cut and... but one must constantly keep in mind that lots of twiggling is necessary in the construction process.

I guess that any time I take anything apart that I've built there's at least a little momentary twinge or something like that. At such times I sometimes remind myself not to let *Dancing Chicken* end up like my wooden horse did years ago. The temptation to resist, herein, is not to let the sight of the pieces that were together a moment ago, lying there in pieces, get me so discouraged that somehow I never get around to getting it back together again.

The wooden horse episode was many years ago. So many, in fact, that I recall being shorter then than I am now. It was the first thing I had ever built, and I can't say "all by myself" because my father helped me with it. I had found an old, very sturdy wooden box, the kind that's hard to find nowadays. I also found four scrap boards about 3' or 4' long, one about maybe 18" long and what I figure must have been a section of a turned table leg. This last item perhaps didn't look exactly like the head of a horse but it worked for me.

After being assembled, I could sit on it. I had to climb up on a step stool to mount, but then I would just sit there for a while feeling delighted. My parents took a picture of me sitting on it. Then I noticed something. The two boards that comprised the front legs were slightly warped into two curves, sort of like parentheses although less extreme. I realize now that probably the best solution would have been to have removed just the front legs and to have reversed them, the left onto the right side and vice versa.

But since I saw the main problem as being one of stability, I looked for a way to give it a wider and therefore more stable stance. I noticed a barrel with nice round sides in the same garage as my horse's "stable" (and paddock, for that matter). I went and got the barrel. To quote Mark Twain, "Let us draw the curtain of charity over the rest of this scene" (quote from *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*).

So, in Part XXXII, there I was with the basic bow member frame three dimensional

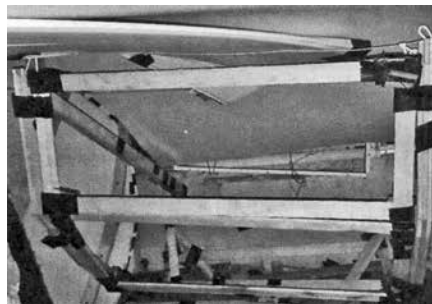
Dancing Chicken

A Mini Saga in (?) Parts

Part XXXV

Copyright © Gloria Sadler Burge

rough sketched with Gorilla tape, chortling, "OK, so now it's time to for real include the triangles." Here's the forward frame with that stage of the bow member in place.



However, maybe not so fast because now we may opt for something simpler and quicker. Not that I don't like the triangles but, as I stated in Part XXXIV, "...as enamored as I am of the aesthetic qualities of the geodesic scheme, it might have to wait." Besides again, as I also mentioned in Part XXXIV, "the way this is designed, I can build the frames one way and try them out and then try them out another way later if I want to, just by unscrewing a few hose clamps." Meanwhile, here is the bow member frame getting back together again, having escaped the pitfalls inherent in its recent transition.



Some may notice the absence of Gorilla tape, usually present in temporary stages of such transitions. That's because for this one I'm using shipping tape. This has various

advantages. One of these is its obvious transparency. I think I can probably finish setting this one up with all of its layers and drive the screws without having to remove the tape. Well, OK, I might want to trim a little of it off around the edges. But this one layer that I'm using as a visual of what the frame will generally look like when finished is handling reassuringly well with the shipping tape.

Meanwhile, I've been contemplating other factors relevant to the final design with which she will launch such as fasteners, adhesives, etc. At one point I had planned to run at least the first test just using some of the new tapes I've researched after doing some preliminary out of water tests on those as well, of course.

On the other hand, one option would be to use more conventional fasteners like sheet-rock screws. I already know that those are nifty. I am now definitely considering those for use in the final design. There are also various adhesives that have come up in conversation off and on in this process. One that has been recommended is construction adhesive. (Hmmm, Gorilla makes one of those.) There's also a product I've been wanting to try called Ecopoxy.

One of the reasons for doing just tape is because, of course, it gives more options for changes if I decide to try to do it a different way. On the other hand, one option would be to just go ahead and construct a good, rugged little craft then, instead of doing more experimentation, I could just go ahead and go out there and have adventures. After all, isn't that part of what I've been talking about? I keep saying (as I stated in Part XXV) that, "I want her to be a cruising dinghy."

There are still probably multiple options for what could end up allowing that to happen. That favorite saying of mine, "There's always a way," is, of course, true. All I have to do is select the best one for *Dancing Chicken* for her maiden voyage and use it.

For now, though, the next step is getting the frames constructed because if I have those, and if they're solid and everything on them works as planned, then I could cover her with a wide range of "skin" material and whichever one she wears for her maiden voyage I figure she can still pull it off with aplomb.

Part of the reason that I'm now considering sheet rock screws and adhesives is because I realized that, while some of the other "before hose clamps" fastenings with which I came up with awhile ago would have needed to be inserted before the lateral frames were dropped in. But the hose clamps could actually be fastened into the boat and they'd probably still work (I plan to do some "test twiggling" just in case).

So *Dancing Chicken* now has various puzzle pieces that fit together and look like they work well together, they "harmonize" so to speak. That means that as soon as I get them together so that they can do that, she can go jump in the water and play.

Hmmmmmm, well, we shall see.





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The 2020 Raffle Boat is a Catspaw Dinghy

EECBS built Joel White's 12'8" version of the famed Herreshoff Dinghy *Columbia* in two prior years, carvel planked with 1/2" cedar over steamed oak frames copper rivet fastened. This year we are building the boat lapstrake planked, a relatively simpler build which has the advantage of showing and highlighting the graceful curve of the planking.

The East End Classic Boat Society hosts local marine events, exhibits classic boats and conducts workshops to teach the skills necessary to build and preserve quality, hand-crafted wooden boats. Join us at one or more of this coming year's expanded list of events.

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Downstairs work continues on the hull of the motor launch.



Build your own from a kit



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From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Marshmallow Man

I'm going to fill the entire area under the floor with closed cell foam just for the hell of it. I know, we've all had boats with foam filled hulls that got waterlogged and heavy and would barely float but that was the old stuff. And it's really fun to play with, which is after all the only reason anyone would build a boat.

This stuff expands about 30 times its original volume. These pillow looking things started out as a quart of the mixed liquid and ended up being about six or seven gallons worth of hard foam. It takes about ten minutes to go from being a wet spot to a giant marshmallow. I'm not doing this for the flotation value, it's a mostly wooden boat, after all, but I don't want to have to think about any water down there and it's fun. I'll fill it all the way up to the top of the floor beams and cut off what sticks up over them. I can get a two gallon kit from Amazon for \$100. I ordered a nine gallon kit from US Composites for \$330 all up. I'll need another batch to finish, remind me why I make big boats.

After the floor was glued and stapled in it came out flat and level so it was time to finish the foaming. I cut a lot of holes in the floor using a carefully drawn pattern showing where the most foam needed to be. Last week was really warm, up to 80°, so the foam really put on a show. It's like water when mixed with 30 or 40 seconds to play with it before it starts off but when it did it really went off, a quart expanded to six gallons of foam.

The reaction stopped after about ten minutes so I could get on with the next series of holes. Some of the holes took a lot of weight to keep the lids on but the floor didn't try to lift up. This is 2lb foam, a cubic foot



weighs 2lbs which is low density. It comes in densities up to 16lbs which is hard as a rock, used for more structural support and carving shapes. I don't think I have any air spaces underneath this floor.

Next up was glassing the floor but the weather turned a little too cool, only 60°, so I had to wait for a warmup to finish up.



Next Month: Low water at the Tiki Hut



The Debutante

Our girl has had a busy Building Season and she's grown taller.



Nobody ever REALLY knows if we are going to have an "incident" with the garage door frame.



Pay no attention to those snow piles. After a bit of trailer wheel bearing messing about we're gonna go do a sea trial, snow or not. It's always nice to get back out into the sunshine.



Mostly, because it's the only way to actually see the whole boat from more than a few feet away.



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

Yep, always nice to at least pretend that spring may be someplace in sight, even if we really know better, eh?



Opening Day of Yachting Season

As the February sun pried our temperature up past 10° this morning, it was time to go test an assumption. After my changing a goodly portion of *Walkabout's* features, would she be pretty much the same? There's only one reliable method to figure stuff like this out.



What we needed was an ice free ramp and liquid water. Those were still in pretty short supply, save for good old Priest River, or what is left of the river after the Corps of Engineers drained it for the winter. Mr Brogan's brogans were balanced on the very edge of the pavement, down at the absolute bottom of that long and steep ramp.



Miss Suzi kicked over on the very first revolution. I do love that fuel injected four-stroke! Sam came along to handle lines and take pictures and stand in for Bournoulli and Archimedes when it came to evaluating the newly enhanced aft sponsons.

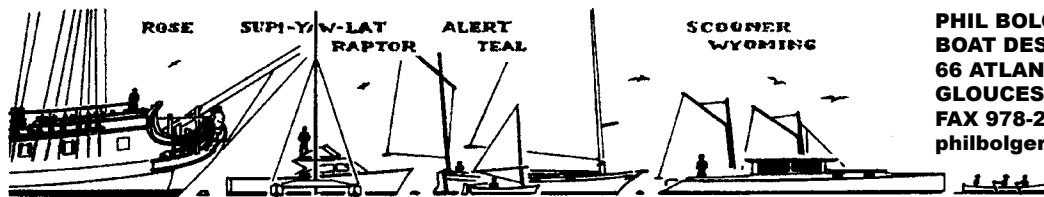


I did my best to limit her weight gain over the course of the overhaul but *Walkabout* has put on some weight, most of it where it should be, back where she sits down. But so far, at least, we are sitting pretty close to flat and level.



We run pretty straight, we back up pretty straight and come alongside the pier pretty predictably. So far I think this overhaul and modification period has turned out pretty well. Not long now it'll be time to load up, and head out. Underway!





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Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #545 in *MAIB* Spring Time for Boat Trailers

When you need them, they better be in reliable shape and fully functional to not become a big headache on your way to your boating destination. But when you don't use them they are easily ignored, just sitting there with or without a load on, quietly, tires perhaps slowly going flat, an essential tool still presumed to be ready to be used. And eventually your boat trailer may show you without a doubt how much it has indeed aged, or how much you did indeed neglect it.

And then there are unexpected challenges, gear failures you did not see coming because everything was not that old yet, looked fine, seemed to work well, until unambiguous realities made themselves known. So, this being early spring, here are two case studies straight from most personal hands-on experiences recently:

Case A is a factory made 1500lbs load galvanized boat trailer we had bought brand new to carry our 1995 electric launch prototype *Lily*, discussed several times in bygone issues. The extra long tongue was specified to allow using the trailer for much longer and leaner hulls Phil had done already, such as Design #435 Sneakeasy, measuring 26'6"x4'3", and similar such future geometries.

Case B is a much younger painted steel 1000lbs load utility trailer with a tilt bed to allow loading motorcycles, or other rolling cargo from hand carted items to barrels, without additional ramps. It had arrived mail order as a kit in a box, all the steel, wheels, stakes and fasteners. Inspection of the steelwork suggested adding two coats of more heavy oil based paint over the light factory coating plus heavy greasing of the interior surfaces of the steel sections with brushes on long extensions.

The galvanized boat trailer (Case A) saw limited actual miles on the road, typically carried *Lily* on the road or parked, a great convenience to safely store and move around the yard this well built hull, now 25 years old, in good shape, always outside, but typically well covered.

Of course, even after just a few saltwater immersions and simply the passage of time, the aging process of subassemblies on that trailer was off and running. The galvanized steel trailer frame, axle, wheels and winch mount have done well, good value for the initial investment. Of course, the tires simply didn't last several decades and eventually became too brittle to not reliably hold air standing still, certainly discouraging road testing them going anywhere.

And less obviously, barely noticeable until it suddenly shows the ugly failure, the four steel brackets holding the longitudinal bunks to sturdy uprights had essentially wafted away one iron oxide molecule at a time. The bunks seemed correctly in place until a closer look revealed the bunks to just rest on the bracket stumps. Even a short trip to the launching ramp would have seen the bunks bump off them to settle loosely on the trailer frame cross members while the vertical bracket supports would immediately carry the hull weight to dig into and grind their way through the hull skin, possibly at four locations concurrently, a sobering vision.

The older light bulb type taillights seem to age the fastest, with corrosion setting in somewhere in the light circuitry outside from plug to the housing or inside of the lamp assembly. To avoid the worst risks of further lamp corrosion, we had already replaced the originals and mounted fresh tail and indicator lights on 2"x4" extensions upwards where they'd also be more visible in dense traffic. However, those had taken hits and the lights proven increasingly unreliable under just rainwater corrosion.

Finally, the trailer jack had corroded internally so it would no longer allow cranking the trailer tongue up or down. Not even a good paperweight now.

So Trailer A received three new tires, four hot dipped galvanized steel bunk brackets, (presumably watertight) LED taillight assemblies and a fresh jack to save hands and backbone.

The pictures will tell the story in greater detail. And yes, the winch works fine but that strap may have aged out as well with a fresh one on hand already. And I will only connect the new taillights onto the old trailer harness once the trailer is back on the hook and plugged into the tractor vehicle to indeed assure the correct circuits to be connected properly. Color

coding should make this easy, except that variations to this logic have been experienced.

The satin black utility trailer (B) had been on the road perhaps five years and with both wheel hubs arriving fresh, clean and well sealed, and advertised as lubricated. The absence of grease nipples could be read either way since my car has none either. And for once the inclination to question whether that assembly had indeed been well greased at the factory had been suppressed with already too much to do on the agenda, not a good idea though!

I had, as a matter of convenience, put 8'4" Flying Cloud on that trailer, certain that less than a mile and at best two saltwater immersions a year could not create any problems between the fresh new shaft seal on the inwards face of the hub and that shiny, tight fitting dust cap in full view protecting that axle grease inside. However, after just four immersions, salt water had gotten into the wheel bearing and started to ruin things by simply sitting in there marinating the two tapered roller assemblies into oblivion while also gnawing on the axle's stub shaft, all invisible to the eye.

One day after a short run to the lumberyard with this nice recent vintage wooden stakes half ton trailer, I was about to maneuver the unloaded trailer by hand when the right bearing was barely willing to turn. It had not quite seized up solid but would likely do that soon. Good that no heavier loads had been hauled at interstate speeds since that undetected bearing failure could have really overheated the axle stub to possibly break off at high speed. Dark scenario indeed!

While this was a simple assembly, taking it apart would take much of an afternoon, a lot of foul thoughts and grim persistence with grinders, gear pullers, cold chisel, hammer, rags, with hands too dirty to even grab a camera to record that dissection of this wheel hub corpus delictus. I had enough sense to secure all the debris that greeted me for forensic study and to show here.

At least a single, much more suitable immersion resistant grease nipple equipped and O-ringed cover hub assembly was immediately available with a quick 30-mile round trip. But a second, however, required an 80-miler the next day. Sunday morning, to get the other side done while I was at it and while the weather held. Mail order would have arrived in the middle of a winter episode while the trailer would stare at me badly wounded. I really wanted to get these jobs over with.

A week later, when the sudden need arose, the trailer would serve perfectly again, hauling a good load over some 70 highway miles while my tickled nerves made me unnecessarily stop a couple of times to check the two new hub assemblies and their temperature after 65mph runs. No troubles with the trailerlights on this one.

Next issue, likely back to boats...



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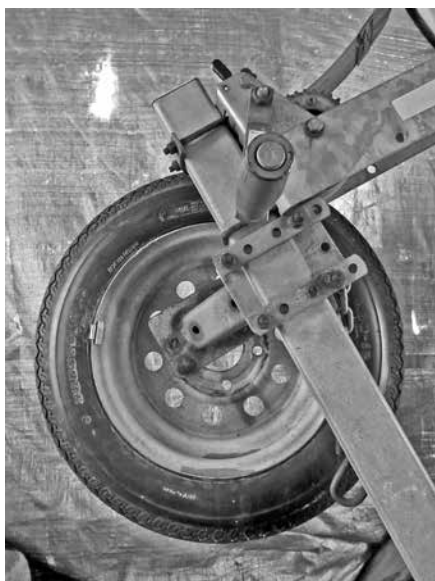
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1. Galvanized boat trailer with *Lily* behind that now long gone 1988 MAZDA 323.



2. Painted steel utility trailer with *Flying Cloud* being launched from it.



3. Like the two on the trailer axle, this galvanized spare wheel is now reshod with the third fresh tire, now all three with uprated load rating while the opportunity existed.



4. With that bunk pulled away to study the situation, the angle bracket seems indeed truly gone. With the work being done with the boat on the trailer, the hull is resting on a temporary support out of the picture.



5. In side view there is not much left for the camera to capture. The other half of the now disintegrated angle bracket is under that bunk, almost impossible to remove, which suggested just moving the bunks a few inches to then allow installation of the new pieces.



6. The first inclination was to just grind that soft rotten steel bolt clean off, easier said than done though since the grinding medium was disappearing faster than the steel. I don't need to do much steel grinding, meaning there was no hardcore grinding/cutting disk on hand. But there was also the problem of inadequate clearances to do this work without doing damage to trailer or boat. However, with the aft facing bracket literally rusted stuck on the upright, the grinding heat had broken the rust bond between bolt and welded-on nut, which allowed removal of the bolt from the upright. The stuck-on bracket remains would fall off after a hammer blow.



7. Instead of grinding, from now on a nut-cracker did work faster and without consuming anything to break the grip of the nuts on that bracket bolt. Always cool to see hardened steel overwhelming mild steel. I have two sizes of these on hand to address nasty problems in tight places, such as also on bolted exhaust flanges under cars. Removing the three remaining bolts combined went faster than grinding down the first one.



8. Here the three angle bracket remains I could still grab, with the nuts indeed cracked to release these remains from the bolts through the solidly intact uprights.



9. Here the hot dipped galvanized angle bracket is installed with fresh bolt and self locking nut, liberally coated with anti corrosion paste.





10. And the meaty galvanized lag screws into the underside of the bunk, again with all metal matter greased with protective paste.



11. Fresh LED tail lights, new reflector tape horizontally and vertically, plus a new roller on a new shaft on a new bracket to carry a lot of the boat's weight on centerline while moving on or off the trailer, but also while traveling or sitting parked, each hull type would thus being adjusted to immediately. And a fresh license plate mount in a much better protected location which, however, will require a dedicated white diode light attached to the underside of that bunk.



12. The fresh trailer jack on the left with the long surviving 8" pneumatic wheel on a caster bracket custom welded ages ago onto a short rotating leg to the right. It allows the trailer to run down or back up on three wheels on any slimy launching ramp while hooked on to the high and dry tractor vehicle with a long stout rope. That way, a modest two-wheel drive car can manage such a launch on shallow and steep ramps where traction is dubious. The larger pneumatic tire manages the rougher ramp patches better than any small hard plastic wheel. With some luck the trailer and boat will go down more or less straight. Best to not have too many folks lining up behind you getting impatient. Of course, their efforts may have their own challenges.



13. Here the second of the much more advanced wheel hub kits ready for installation now on the left axle stub of the utility trailer. This time using the rubber gloves was actually a plausible proposition, unlike the previous day's maddening struggle on the other side. Good thing that in most places in Gloucester showing up with hands that indeed have stains from work is not frowned upon.



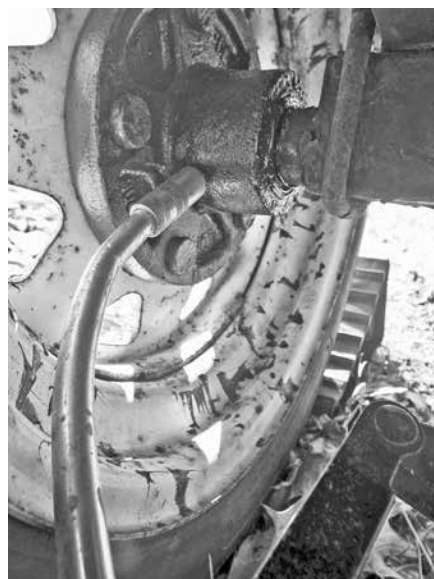
14. This model has a hand tightened O-ring screw-on protective cap on the outside of the hub. With the crown nut set up just so, both bearings are then secured by a NEW cotter pin through the shaft stub, all now looking confidence inspiring. Note more paste on the hub stubs to allow pulling those lug nuts off without much drama years from now.



15. Good reasons had me acquire two different sizes of grease guns over the decades and a few cars, bike and other mechanical projects. The bend on the big one was necessary to quickly match a particular geometry ages ago without stopping the work to get that flexible extension.



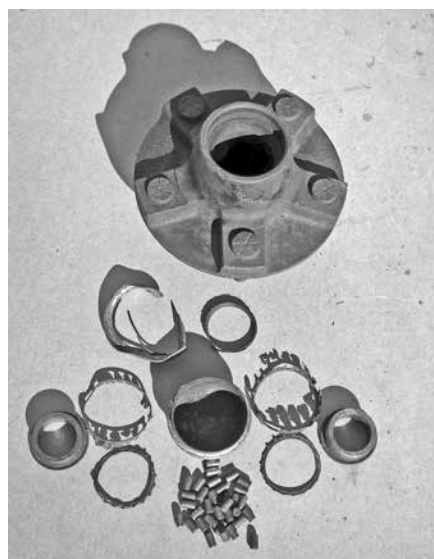
16. The galvanized boat trailer had these axle center grease fittings installed to periodically add to the life of those two tapered roller bearings inside.



17. The utility trailer's new bearings can be greased from the inside face of the hub, not too dramatic to get under the trailer when the tongue is resting on the ground. With the outside cap unscrewed I can see the old grease squeezing out onto my rag. This visual check had been much less readily doable on the original bearings, hence their eventual doom.



18. And while under the trailer, a quick look around on how, for instance, those wiring harness conduits are faring.



19. Here is what is left of the left bearing of the utility trailer after a thorough cleaning. Both tapered roller bearings have disintegrated, with their roller cages having split apart to release the rollers, with the inner

races loosely riding just on a thin film of salt-water mixed grease, with all bearing faces corroding, with permanent markings on inner and outer races where the rollers sat over days and weeks in that saltwater and grease grime. The stamped steel dust cap is deeply pitted from corrosion. The shaft seal was destroyed during the rude and determined removal process across too many hours. And no, these are not all the rollers with some having gotten lost in grease balls and during cleaning. The Smithsonian will have to forgive this.



20. There are ridges of corrosion on the outer bearing race where the rollers sat and corroded. Likely their thin sheet metal cages went south the moment the wheel was turned against the rusted on rollers. The same reality exists on the face of the inner bearing face, a surface which once was explicitly and exquisitely machined to perfection to last zillions of rotations.



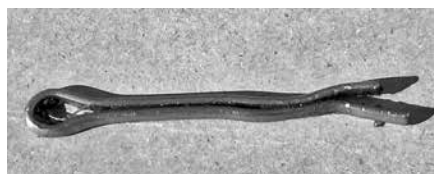
21. The inside face of the other wheel hub looked much better, came off the axle stub shaft in no time with the outer roller bearing assembly still intact.



22. However, turning these pieces over, while even the dust cap looked pristine on the inside, both roller bearings and races showed signs of corrosion with the loose one still turning but beginning to show distress, while the inner one with that shaft seal on would not turn anymore at all, with the remaining wheel rotation apparently only on that thin layer of grease between the axle stub and the frozen bearings inside matching surface, meaning doom was happening here as well. Why is that dust cap still shiny?



23. These new wheel hub kits came with fresh lug nuts, with these old ones, however, only slightly surface rusted on their outside face with the conical surface still clean. I'll keep a few in the tow vehicle with the shiny new ones installed on the new hubs, well coated with that paste.



24. However, no new crown nuts, with the old ones apparently to be recycled (see picture #14) and indeed looking fine, likely because the installer had more grease on his fingers twisting that nut on to the shaft than would actually find its way into the original hub and bearing assembly. A fresh cotterpin to secure that crown nut comes with the new kit, meaning that we might just have this once used old cotterpin next to those lug nuts as a spare. Question will be to remember that I kept these, and where I kept them.

We Found Black Pearl!

By Greg Grundtisch

We found *Black Pearl*! No, not the movie version, the real one. About ten years ago Nic and Amanda Alexander purchased a hermaphrodite schooner, or is it a hermaphrodite brig? There are some good photos online. Search *Black Pearl*, Youngstown, New York. There you can see the full rig with the sails set. For a few years Naomi and I have been trying to find someone who knew of her whereabouts. We contacted Susan and Chris Gateley of the *Sara B* schooner co-op. They are very familiar with the Lake Ontario area and they were uncertain. She was sailing day charters out of the Youngstown, New York, historic (1812 and Revolution) town and tourist area, downriver from Niagara Falls near the mouth of the Niagara River at Lake Ontario's west end, up to 2012. Then she was gone.

We once found her at a marina at the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek at Lake Ontario, about 50 miles west of the Niagara where they keep her off season. At that time they were doing repairs to some planks at the bow and fixing some fire damage in the cabin area said to be started by a disgruntled crewmember. She was to be returned to charter the following spring after the repairs were completed. Then four or five years passed and she never returned.

The Lovely and Talented Naomi was searching for a location for a TSCA Spring gathering and she thought we should look around Oak Orchard Creek. Its location affords both sailing at the wide part of the river and close access to the lake and the creek goes inland for miles for canoe, kayak and rowing. But what we found was a surprise. There she was, the *Black Pearl*, all this time at the same place and has not moved since.

We had called the marina and asked about her a couple years earlier and was told they knew nothing of the ship. It looks like repairs are still ongoing and some refastening of planks. Her rig is still up and she is slowly sinking into the soft ground. It doesn't look like she will be sailing anytime soon, judging on the work done and what seems to be still ongoing at a glacial pace. I hope she doesn't go the way a lot of wooden boats (ships) go. She's a beautiful ship that just needs some attention. She was built in Rhode Island in 1948, 73' long and 70' tall. We shall see what happens this season.





Ship's Log Tampa Bay Ship Model Society

Irwin Schuster brought a silly cartoon vessel and a proposed replacement for the Optimist Pram: Admittedly Quixotic.

Clark Mills' Optimist designed in 1947 is dated and has drifted far from his goal of a family-home-club-built trainer-racer. Opti is the world's largest one-design but to be competitive as a racer takes an outlay of \$5k. I believe it needs a new approach, and visualize a more contemporary, 8-foot (~7'-7"), 3-sheet trainer, assembled with construction adhesive (a la Dave Lucas). Very stable, full flotation, self-bailing, low cost, fast build, instant, if you will. CNC and stitch & glue have obviated the need for Mills' jig technique. I am not a fan of epoxy for amateur building, and would prefer fabric tape laid in paint for the chines, transom and stem, as necessary. Epoxy/FG is up to the builders. I buck chines with 1/4 round.

Further, I don't like dagger-boards for our Florida waters and would be joyed to see a pair of shallow plank fins for lateral resistance, beaching or dragging onto a dock or float as a "solid state" solution. I built a ten-footer with them a while back and it held on fine.

I would like to see commercially available aluminum tubing spars and maybe taped, rip-stop nylon sails for lowest cost... maybe incorporating an anti-turtle mast-tip float (pool noodle?). It is likely that rigging and hardware will be refined as racers seek advantage, but club rules could limit that with "stock" vs. "modified" (true home-built vs. commercial) classes.

REF Current Opti costs:

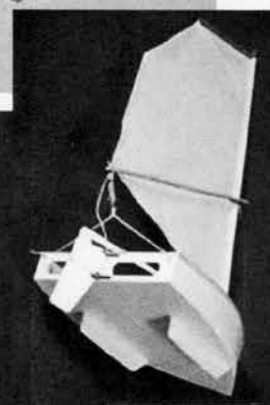
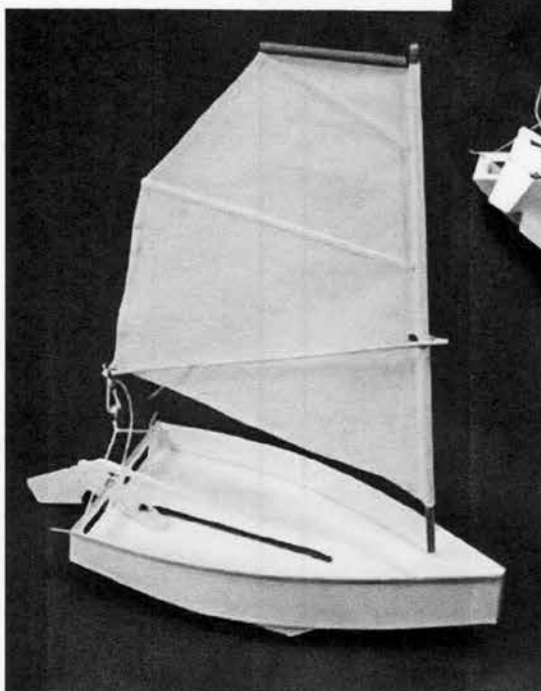
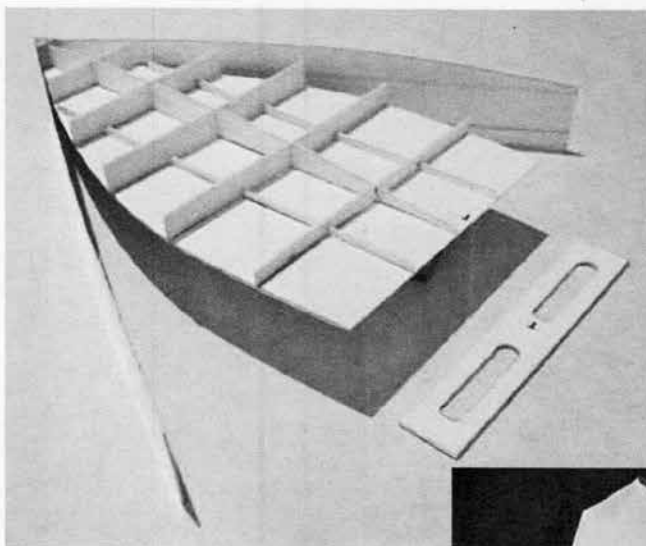
\$3,289. For McLaughlin basic. \$4,500 for "pro"

\$694 for foil rudder + board

\$280. Spar set

\$170 > 525 > 595 for sails

The silly boat is my interpretation of something seen on the www. Wingnut as prop was the attractor. I got rid of a little scrap lumber and odd hardware. My big innovation was a treble hook for an anchor.



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Small Craft Illustration #21 by Irwin Schuster
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Meandering the Texas Coast

Cell Phones a Sailin’

By Michael Beebe

There’s a device the younger sailors are using in addition to their individual personal watertight carrying cases for their cell phones. Someone’s come up with an idea of a crew’s life ring set up just for the cell phones themselves. Each of the crew can clip their cell phone, in it’s own watertight case, to the group life ring. The idea being this cell phone PFD can be kept centralized somewhere agreeable by all on the mother ship, say the galley or, if the craft is large enough, up in the fo’c’s’le.

With cell phones costing upwards of \$1,000 apiece, this CP-PFD shows the captain is considerate of his crew and guests. It’s the least to be offered to the overworked crew and overcharged paying guests. Getting new cell phones at a \$1,000 a whack is not easy to come by on the wages paid to the hired hands.

When tragedy does come, and it will eventually, these CP-PFDs make it all so much easier to assist the authorities in sorting things out. The last tragedy at sea off the coast of New Belhaven was when the ship went down with all crew and guests, along with the captain. Keeping track of just who was who and who was actually aboard made the task so much easier.

Identifying the poor and luckless, their personal lives all kept within their cell phones, who best to notify of this terrible incident, made closure so much easier and faster. They were even able to establish just who was low man on the totem pole among both the crew and guests. ID’ing the capt’n was a piece of cake as well. The old codger used a flip phone, kept it in his pocket.

My Friend

My friend Walt came by the shop this morning. About a year ago, a week short actually, plans came for a plywood stitch and tape canoe. Other projects were ahead of it in line. Walt happened by when I was readying the pieces for stitches. Then it started. Talk about a work slowdown and at the same time we were soon following in each other’s footsteps, or better said, their wake. Not the end type. We were soon doing the Texas Coast in our sailing canoes, heck, it didn’t take long before we were aboard a freighter, sans sailing canoes, to Panama.

Walter was telling me of some of the predicaments his wandering mind had gotten him into over the years. He definitely has a way with people. His go now attitude was only cut short by his lack of finances. His easygoing ways got him in so many doors of employment, invariably the hiring staff would soon be off with Walter on one of his adventures and he’d get the job, almost gratis.

Reality would set in after too many missed assignments never made to the boss’s desk, and those that did were not on time. Poor Walter was sent packing. He didn’t

mind though, not one bit. He was actually on his way for a job interview when he stopped by the shop this morning. He never made it. He was soon helping me to stitch up the plywood canoe. Sore backs didn’t let us get far. We did go for lunch though.

After lunch we took *Red Top* out for a sail. Just the two of us, Mr Mitty and I. The morning was soon forgotten and the two of us were off to Florida, if we kept the coast on the left we’d get there, then the Dry Tortugas, then...

Well, the wind switched and it was time once again to be getting on home. I dropped Walter off at the dockside restaurant, Mr Mitty was a bit hungry, thanked me for lunch, the canoe adventures and the afternoon sail. He said maybe he’d pass on that job interview, he had better things to think about.

We Go

We go where the winds blow. That is an ideal, I think, which sailors strive for. Something which conjures freedom of movement. Foot loose and fancy free. But then the strings start arriving, strings which are easily broken at first but, if not, they become stout lines that bind and restrict, bind and restrict so as to almost tie one to the docks.

My aversion to organized anything began at an early age. Little League baseball, and oh how I loved the game, but growth came and with it, its own set of rules, rules I just wasn’t prepared for. The grownups, managers, the authorities, I learned later they are called. Seems as if with this growing business one soon leaves the Little League behind and moves along this ladder of life. Some things we have to learn on our own, being taught in school just does not cut it.

I sat on the bench, being picked by some manager to be used down the line, whose high hopes of winning the Pony League title were imperiled because his current choice of player would soon be out because of age. I wanted to play ball, not be a part of someone’s future aspirations. So I started surfing at 14 years of age, learning then that no one was going to tell me to sit on the beach. I was off and running. I actually owe that coach a big thank you.

How does that translate to blowing winds and binding dock lines? Well, wanting to surf, and the best time to surf was usually early mornings, work needed to accommodate the surfing life style. Even my ability as a carpenter was later used for that same purpose. Sitting in traffic one afternoon coming home from the beach my brother asked the guy next to us, “How was work?” Rubbing it in just a little. Learning how to make the most of it while paying our own way. Our parents also taught us the need to do so.

When I sail, very often I will have a destination in mind that just as often is never reached or is exchanged for another. The authorities tell us to file float plans. These authorities reside even amongst the freedom grasping sailors themselves. The long tethers that would bind need to be cut like swinging a stick as one walks along a pathway covered with cobwebs.

If we stop our stick swinging we’ll soon be buried under onerous requirements, costing a fortune to venture upon the waters of yesteryear. I read of smart phone navigation, course plotting, waypoints and which digital chart to get. Please, please, these things will be our freedom’s demise. I’m fearing all too soon small boat sailors will need the newly available locator systems aboard as well.

Yes, we are to be responsible, the safety of others requires us to be so. Perhaps a sign placed in a conspicuous place so a boarding crew can read it while boarding our boat can choose to leave before we cast off her lines. It might read, “There are no electronics aboard, paper charts are kept forward, if the captain dies en route, you’re on your own.”

Would that work? How about when sailing in the company of other small boats? If the tiller breaks it’d be nice if someone came by with a spare tiller, nuts, bolts and an old fashioned twist drill to put it all together. Alone, one might be scrounging the shore for some sort of stick or board with which to lash a makeshift tiller together. Both scenarios would work. The group that sails our third coast in early summer is like that. You’re on your own, but if we can help we will. I like that. And there is a lot of electrical gear sharing those boats as well.

So far, though, it’s not required. The Everglades Challenge requires the gear and more, checkpoints and its own set of requirements. The Coast Guard even gets involved. They will soon enough as well make their presence felt along the wastelands of the Texas Coast, all too soon.

Please don’t misunderstand me. There was a hurricane which traveled up the Eastern Seaboard several years ago and it pushed high surf before it. A photo showed two surfers, one on the water side of the chain link fence, one in the process of crawling under pushing his surfboard ahead of him, and a policeman standing there with hands and arms outstretched, palms open.

Seeing the photo I thought to myself, there are two different mindsets which will never see eye to eye. Electronics? Good for you. Paper, don’t let ‘em blow away. All the stick swinging in the world won’t prevent what’s coming. We don’t, however, have to hurry it along ourselves.

There have been some interesting articles in various boating magazines on connecting all your onboard electronics via various routers, modems and other electronic gadgets. The material reminds me of a time I was responsible for confirming that a microcomputer vendor's product (chosen through a bid process) met the internal compatibility requirements of the department. Everything tested out until we got to the LAN connection. The connection was made and everything went blank on the microcomputer being tested.

Since we were talking about a few thousand dollars for the equipment being bid, the vendor ended up calling in the tech people from the manufacturer to find out what was wrong. After a period of time the problem was found to be an I/O conflict in the operating system's programming. When the screen came up "Connection Made," the video signal conflicted with the actual connection to the LAN and the operating system crashed. The manufacturer fixed the I/O conflict and all was well.

Another electronic marvel coming to those on the water is the full screen display. Many years ago the full screen display for small airplanes was introduced. Everything the pilot needed to know was right there in front of him. Happily the "old fashioned" magnetic compass, altimeter and air speed indicator were still installed, because the full screen display went blank. All the instruments were working, but with no display the pilot was without needed information. The engine was fine as the magnetos and engine switch were on a separate system, as were the radios.

The instructor pilot, who was on a familiarization flight with the new system, was flying in one of the practice areas near the airport, so he called up the tower, explained the problem and landed the plane. The electronic technicians went to work to find out what was wrong (the manufacturer's techs, the FAA techs and the local electronics people were all involved). It seems that the display's "on off" switch had failed and there was no way to bring the display back up.

If you have one of the new full display panels on your boat, how can you get the display back up if it goes blank? Do you have a magnetic compass and an external (or hand-held) GPS as independent backup? Oh yes, please note that the magnetic north pole is shifting to the northwest faster than expected and the variation correction for your area may be changing enough to affect your navigation.



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

Have you checked the warranty expiration date on all the gear (mechanical or electrical) on your boat? An expired warranty can be an expensive problem. The warranty on an electronic part on my house's air handling system had expired and the replacement part was some \$200 dollars. The positive side was that the part lasted a year longer than the warranty period. A friend of my father used to get a "new" car just before the warranties on the major components were about to expire on his current vehicle. My father, who was a mechanic, thought it was a waste of money but his friend had the peace of mind knowing that all the major, expensive to fix parts of the car were covered.

While a car warranty can be fairly straightforward, a boat and its equipment can be a problem in a warranty issue. The manufacturer may insist that the component was not installed properly, the boat builder may insist that the part was defective and it is not their cost to replace/fix it and the dealer may blame both of the above for the problem. You may be left holding the bag (less the money that was in it before) to get things fixed.

A number of multihulls can be seen with the new "fathead" mainsail. Of interest is that to create the shape at the top, a battens has been added. The results look a lot like the miniature gaff rig mainsail as found on a catboat. While this new mainsail approach will probably improve upwind performance, the forces it places on the mast and rigging should be considered before using such a sail on your boat. While a tall rig improves upwind and light air performance, it seems that the lower aspect ratio rig is faster off the wind than the Marconi rig.

I read an article many years ago about a comparison of the then new Marconi rig and the gaff rig by Nathanael Herreshoff using two "identical" hulls. One hull had the new Marconi rig and the other had the old gaff rig. They were raced around a triangular course. The Marconi rig boat rounded the weather

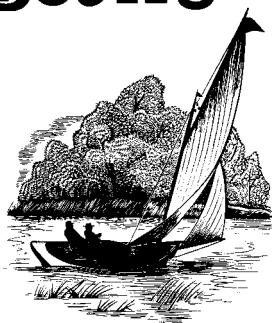
mark ahead of the gaff rig. They were about equal at the jibe mark and the gaff pulled ahead going to the finish mark. The results were the same in the next two races.

Until the appearance of "Sphinx's Acre," which we now call a "Spinnaker," the Marconi rig simply did not perform well off the wind. With the reaching and running spinnaker the Marconi rig could now (with a lot of additional gear and effort) outperform the gaff off the wind. However, without a spinnaker and all its rigging, the lower gaff rig is usually better and definitely less work (fewer crew needed?) than a Marconi rig for off the wind sailing in a relaxed manner.

At lot is being written about various hybrid engine configurations. One advantage is that all of the system does not have to be in the same location in the boat. Many years ago a neighbor was looking into a hydraulic propulsion system where the motor/pump combination was located amidships and the hydraulic propulsion system was at the stern. While this may sound like any inboard engine configuration, there was no drive shaft, just some heavy duty hoses and the engine/pump could be located anywhere in the boat.

Today the emphasis is on an engine powered electric generator that sends the power to an electric motor drive system. Of interest to me is that the engine/electric system has been around since the 1920s. An example is the *USS Tennessee* (BB 43) where the steam system, the turbines to spin the generators, the electric motors to move the boat were each in separate compartments to spread out the load and reduce battle damage possibilities. Later systems used Diesel engines to spin the generators but the basic configuration has remained the same. What goes around, comes around?

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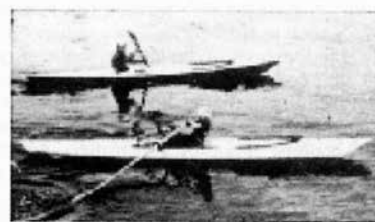
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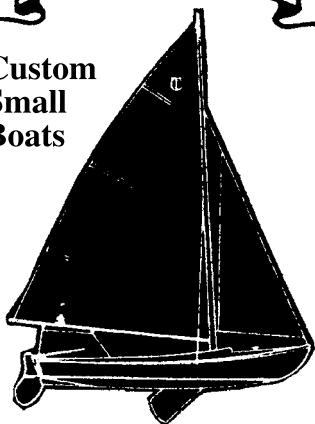
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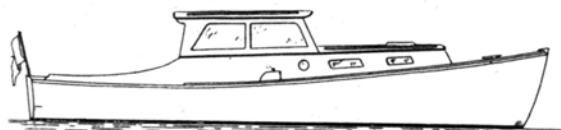
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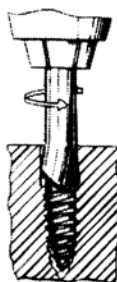
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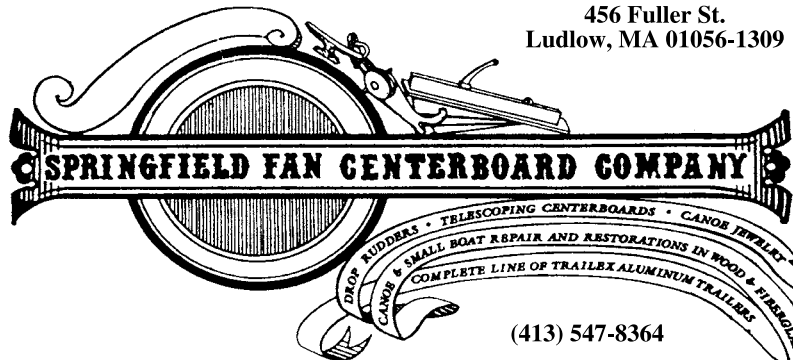
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Sizing up the situation, just to be safe, we walked down the 104 steps without the boat, eye-balling each turn, asking, "Can it fit here? Make this turn? Make that turn?" The thought of getting most of the way down and being unable to make a turn, being unable to put the boat down, being unable to go back up the stairs except for walking backwards.... not a pretty thought.

But, yes, after surveying the 104 steps, in some cases eye-balling the situation, in other cases actually measuring the turns with a tape-measure, we decided that the boat should fit. We mounted the carry yoke, tied the oars inside and hoisted it aloft.

Then, slowly, step by careful step, left foot, left foot, left foot, we made our free delivery.

Then, for the 4th and final time we walked those 104 steps. Three or four deliveries like that in a day could tucker a person out.

On the bright side, once down there, it was such a scenic location we took several photos....ones that magazine editors grab up.

Photo by David's 8 year old son, he's now 29. He's an engineer who make heart repair kits.

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"Sure," we said, "no problem."

He gave us directions and said, "You can just leave it down by the water."

What he didn't say was that the water was 104 steps below his driveway. Additionally, the staircase twisted and turned, it appeared to have been built by the Keebler Elves Construction Company. From the top we couldn't even tell if the boat would actually fit down the staircase.

